

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

In This Issue:

The Education Bills

By W. C. Murphy

The Greatest War Cemetery in the World

By Gabriel Francis Powers

Rags

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL. D.

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With the Passionists in China

Vol. 5, No. 11

JUNE, 1926

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The Pope and the Missions

Our Holy Father Displays His Personal Interest in the Passionist Missions

To the READERS of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

Here is an extract from a letter written by Father Neil McBrearty, C. P., the private secretary to Most Rev. Leo Kierkels, General of the Passionists:

**Holy Father
Himself Makes
Generous Gift
to Our
Devoted
Passionist
Missionaries
in China**

Last Thursday morning Father General had a private audience with our Holy Father and after some business had been transacted, the Pope asked Father General if it would not be possible to take up some more missions. Father General answered that at present we have as much as we can do but he said he would mention the Pope's request at the different Chapters. Then in passing he remarked: "Perhaps Your Holiness would be interested to know that our Chinese Missionaries have already eight Seminarians." "Indeed," replied His Holiness, "I am exceedingly interested." And then he asked: "How much are the burses for the education of these Seminarians?" Father General didn't know but he said that perhaps with the cheaper living in China \$500.00 would do. "There is something providential in your visit," the Pope replied. "Last night I received some money and I shall be only too pleased to send two burses for the education of Seminarians or Chinese Passionists." That very evening His Holiness sent 26,500 lire marked "For the education of two Seminarians or Chinese Passionists!" Of course the amount may not be enough; but the person of the Giver and the good will with which He gave it adds an inestimable value to the gift."

The check has already reached us. I am certain that you will share with us the encouragement inspired by this act of Pius XI. It is a personal commentary on his Encyclical Letter of Feb. 28, 1926. In that letter he appeals to the Hierarchy to further the conversion of the pagan world. His own attitude is thus expressed:

**The Pope's
Own Personal
Interest and
Solicitude**

As to Ourselves, Venerable Brethren, you well know that from the very beginning of Our Pontificate, We determined to leave nothing undone that might day by day extend through apostolic preachers the light of the gospel and thus smooth for heathen nations the way unto salvation.... For Our part, as long as Divine Providence shall continue Us in life, this duty of Our apostolic office shall keep us always solicitous because, after pondering on the fact that the pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace in our spirit (2 Cor. 13, 11) and We seem to hear sounding in our ears, "Cry; cease not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet" (Isai. 58, 1).

In eloquent words the Holy Father sets forth the great motive that should urge every Catholic to help the Missions:

**The Plain
Duty of Every
Catholic to
the Missions**

Surely the duty of charity that binds us to God demands not only that we strive to increase with all our power the number of those who know and adore Him in spirit and in truth (John 4, 24), but also that we bring under the rule of the most amiable Savior as many as possible, in order that from day to day, "the profit in His blood" (Ps. 29, 10) may be more fruitful, and that we may likewise render ourselves more acceptable to Him to Whom nothing can be more acceptable than that men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth (1 Tim. 2, 4).

Furthermore, the Holy Father reminds the Priests and Bishops of their strict duty to the Foreign Missions and Missionaries:

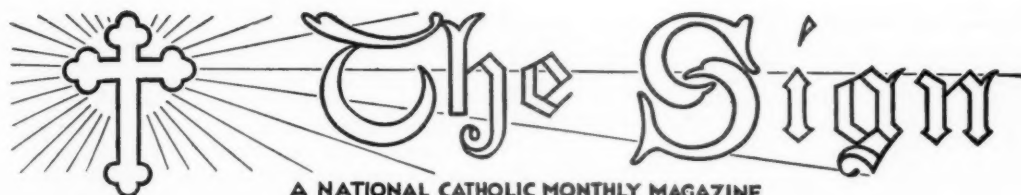
**From Bishops
and Priests
Will Be
Required a
Strict Account
of a Great
Obligation**

And if none of the faithful can claim exemption from this duty, can the clergy who by their moral election and vocation, participate in the priesthood and apostolate of Jesus Christ; and can you, Venerable Brothers, claim exemption who, adorned with the fullness of the priesthood, are divinely constituted pastors, each in his own diocese, of the clergy and the Christian people? For We read that Christ enjoined not only Peter, whose chair We occupy, but all the apostles, whose successors you are: "go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16, 15). It is evident from this that the responsibility of propagating the Faith belongs to us, on condition that you must unhesitatingly share the work with us and help us as much as your own particular duties will permit. Accordingly do not consider it irksome, Venerable Brothers, to comply as good sons, with Our exhortations, for from Us, God shall one day demand a strict accounting of this great obligation.

I stated last month that the Passionist Order means business in China— God's business. Our Holy Father's gift and his Encyclical Letter hearten us to trust all the more in your financial and spiritual co-operation.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. V

JUNE, 1926

No. 11

Current Fact and Comment

Hindering Conversions

ENGLISH Catholic apologists lately have had especial occasion to insist that there are certain inexorable facts to be considered by those who contemplate corporate union with the Church of Rome. They claim that much of the parleying with the many who have come to the very threshold of the Church serves only to stay their progress.

First of all, the Church cannot allow another religious body to enter into a doctrinal discussion with her on an equal footing. Here it is not a question of culture, learning or even holiness, but of compromising in essential dogmas. It is presumed that in sincere minds there will be a reaction from the charge of obstinacy and that they will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that there can be no other attitude for an infallible Church. The editor of the London *Tablet* himself writes:

The persuasion that they already belong to the Church of Christ is keeping innumerable earnest souls from the fuller knowledge of His revelation and the access to His sacraments which Catholicism alone provides. Accordingly Catholics in England and everywhere who know the facts, will always tend to oppose proceedings, the natural effect of which is to support that unhappy persuasion... Why should an Anglican in the endeavor to secure salvation, go through all the trouble and anxiety of submission to Rome, when by waiting where he is he may find the step unnecessary?

Both the Anglican who suspends his inquiry while awaiting a mass movement toward Rome and the Catholic who fondly visualizes such a movement are scarcely taking a serious view of the issue, as Pius X inferred in addressing the Bishop of Plymouth, "Hence it is ever a matter of one or two or three or four. To come to any agreement with Anglicanism as such is impossible." To quote the same writer:

The same conviction must follow from a clear understanding of the implications of the Faith. No Catholic priest could reconcile a congregation en masse: before admitting anyone to membership of the Church, the priest would have to find out whether

he was validly baptized or not, and generally to baptize him sub conditione. Even before this individual act, he would have to ascertain whether he held the whole faith and that on the only proper motive—the living authoritative voice of the Church:—again a matter of personal investigation. However numerous the applicants for admission, they could enter only one by one into the Fold.

Ordinarily we contemplate mass movements as swayed by eminent leaders with well laid plans. Individual conversions we attribute to prayer and the influence of good example. We should recognize anew how we personally are to contribute to the reclamation of our erring brethren.

The Russian Children

RUSSIA had her Acadie when thousands of families ran before the German invasion and parents and children, panic-stricken, were separated and scattered in all directions. But to the tragedy of their hearts there was added, for the children, the tragedy of their souls. It was their misfortune, even when peace came and there was no alien enemy to fly from, to become the wards of a Godless and heartless Government. That Government immediately made them the victims of communistic experimentation supplanting the old foundations of the family and the home. But it has failed fearfully. Those children are still on the run. They are now the "wolf packs" of the North and the "locusts" of the South so that, for the Soviet Government, they constitute the social problem called the *bijentzwo*—"the running."

According to recent estimates there are four millions of them, homeless, foodless, diseased, ill-clad, in roving bands or in the dens of the cities. According to Soviet officials themselves the situation is growing worse. Still more wretched is their lot when confined to the jails and institutions provided by the Government, which, in its utter

THE † SIGN

incapacity, is continually sending them back again to the streets and highways.

These are not exaggerated details. Vladimir Zeninoff has gathered them for the New York *World* from Soviet organs and officials themselves criticizing the conditions. From such reports we quote but meagrely:

The children are extremely dirty. In the institutions they do what they please, terrorize the administration and behave abominably. They play cards, smoke discarded cigarettes, seldom eat, and sometimes they kill newcomers whose shoes have not lost the shape and likeness of footwear. At night they disappear. They go to the railroad stations and hide in empty cars. . . . Last Christmas eve the frozen forms of scores of children were brought in for common burial.

There is nothing in the Soviet program that indicates the amelioration of these conditions in which the "child's soul is maimed with a bitter consciousness of the hopelessness of the situation." On the contrary, Madame Lilina, the wife of Zenoviev, has announced that

The children of Russia must be isolated from the pernicious influence of the family. We have to register them, let us say, directly nationalize them. From the first days of their lives they will live under the beneficent influence of the Communist kindergartens and schools. Here they will grow up to be real Communists. To make the mother give up her child to us, to the Soviet State, is our first problem.

Wide-Open Sundays

WE have arrived at the season when Sunday observance is discussed and pleaded for especially in ministerial quarters. The head of the New York Episcopal diocese has precipitated the discussion by advocating a rather wide-open Sunday. From all over the country his confrères have rejoined in condemnation, agreement or in partial approval. One clergyman submits to the *Dearborn Independent* a consensus of these opinions in five general agreements:

First: That the United States does not want the wide-open Continental Sunday.

Second: That most clergymen feel that it is no more harmful for a poor man to play on Sunday than it is for a rich man—and most rich men whom I know play all day Sunday.

Third: That wholesome play is not harmful nor irreligious on the Sabbath.

Fourth: That commercialized play is a bad thing on Sunday; that it keeps men from doing the very thing that the Sabbath was instituted for; that of getting recreation themselves.

Fifth: Most of the responses to the Bishop indicated that two-thirds of the preachers were willing that the whole matter should be tested by what Jesus said: which is that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

If these words of our Lord seem revolutionary, Catholics should be careful not to interpret them

superficially. "The Sabbath was made for man," that is, for the whole man. Relaxation for the mind and body may imply a certain amount of even frolicsome diversion, but the soul, man's spiritual nature, should be directly cared for also. Any plan of amusement that in duration or intensity so preoccupies a man on Sunday as quite completely to bar spiritual interest and refreshment does not provide for the whole man.

Let each one be guided in conscience by this rule. There is too much inclination to identify the vague thing called the Continental Sunday with the Catholic Sunday. We should not leave our neighbors altogether under the impression that our religion can bring its people in throngs to its altars on Sunday mornings and then dismisses them to share without restraint in amusements such as scarcely distinguish the Sunday from any other day.

The Holy Father and Native Vocations

THE voice of the Great Shepherd, who can truly say, "I know mine," has spoken and with a certain finality replied to those who seem so plausibly to ask, "Why should we divert our charity to alien missionary projects while there are so many pressing needs around us? Why extend our solicitude to peoples in blissful ignorance while so many at home might be brought to appreciate our efforts for their enlightenment and spiritual uplift?"

In his encyclical, *Rerum Ecclesiae*, there is a message from him who views apostolic responsibility and the needs of mankind in their true perspective. He does not overlook the urgent needs of parochial and provincial enterprises for the further consolidation of the Faith, but he declares:

Whoever, by divine commission, takes place on earth of Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, far from being able to rest content with simply guarding and protecting the Lord's flock, which has been confided to him to rule, on the contrary, fails in his especial duty and obligation, unless he strives, with might and main, to win over and to join to Christ all those who are still without the Fold.

The higher motive of charity is revealed in his appeal to the Bishops in view of vocations to the foreign missions from among their priests or ecclesiastical students:

Neither scarcity of clergy, nor any other need of the diocese ought to discourage you or keep you from giving your consent, since your faithful have at hand, so to speak, the helps to salvation and are less further removed from salvation than the barbarians. . . . The Divine Founder of the Church will surely supply the deficiency, by showering more abundant blessings upon the diocese and by awakening new vocations to the sacred ministry.

THE † SIGN

While the Holy Father insists upon the unfailing value of prayer and pleads for material support by the faithful in behalf of the foreign missions, he lays the greatest stress upon that which will most effectively ensure the stability and fruitfulness of the work; namely, the fostering of vocations among natives with the ultimate view of entrusting the conservation of the Faith to themselves. We are reminded:

Perhaps sufficient attention has never been paid to the method whereby the Gospel began to be propagated and the Church of God to be established all over the world. We touched on this subject at the final closing of the mission exhibit and recalled the fact that from the earliest missionary monuments of Christian antiquity it is abundantly evident that the clergy placed in charge by the Apostles, in every community of the faithful, were not brought in from without, but were chosen from the natives of the locality.

His Holiness deplors the failure to recognize the natives' capacity for cultural and intellectual attainment. He intimates that some missions have languished through the absence of representative natives "whose teaching should have weight with their fellow citizens." He further urges a recognition of equality, saying:

He errs grievously who considers such natives as of an inferior race and of obtuse intelligence. For, long experience has shown that the people who inhabit the remote regions of the East and of the South frequently are not inferior to us, and can even hold their own very well in keenness of mind. But if you find extreme slowness of mind in the case of men who live in the very heart of barbarous regions, this is due to the conditions of their lives, for, since the exigencies of their lives are limited, they are not compelled to make great use of their intelligence... We have under our very eyes the example of certain natives who, as students in the College of Rome, are not only the equals of others in ability and in the results obtained, but frequently even surpass them.

Thus the Holy Father would remove a phase of prejudice tending to quench enthusiasm and co-operation. For, there are many who think that foreign mission work results in the winning over of only the ignorant and destitute classes. While the Pope recognizes the value of every soul, he insists upon the superior advantage of presenting the divine message to those whose deeper comprehension of it will bear fruit in zeal for the conversion of their fellows. Thus he encourages those responsible for the fostering of these vocations:

Be persuaded that if... you educate subjects conspicuous for the integrity and purity of their lives, and well prepared for the sacred ministry and most skilled masters of the divine law, you shall have prepared men who will not only attract the attention of the leading men of the country, but priests who shall one day be destined to govern the parishes and dioceses which shall be erected as soon as it shall please God that they should be, and We hope not without great fruit.

The Jews Are Stirred

WE should not presume that because He was one of their race, our Lord is a familiar figure to the Jewish people. They have been taught either to regard Him as a myth or to disown Him in the most disparaging light. Hence the resentment stirred up by Rabbi Wise's sermon, so revolutionary, from a Jewish standpoint, in its appraisal of Christ. It is suggested that Rabbi Wise had been inspired through a recent reading of the work, *Jesus of Nazareth*, by the Jerusalem professor, Dr. Klausner, a work ranked by Father A. Day, S. J., as a "Magna Charta for all those who are endeavoring to introduce Christ into the Ghetto." Dr. Klausner can say:

Jesus was convinced of His Messiahship: of this there is no doubt: were it not so He would have been nothing more than a mere deceiver and imposter—and such men do not make history: they do not found new religions which persist for two thousand years and hold sway among five hundred millions of civilized peoples.

Dr. Klausner's work is but one among several by leading Jewish writers all of them referring earnestly to Christ at a critical period in the career of Jewry when all its old defences are crumbling. Reviewing these works the *Jewish Chronicle* declares that the age-long policy of ignoring Christ is now passing away; an era is dawning in which the Name of Jesus will no longer be anathema.

We should hope and pray for the dispelling of that darkness in which hatred for Christ has been fostered among the Jewish people and for the revelation of Him to them not only as the greatest of their race but as their very Savior.

The Mexican Alignment

AMERICANS with open minds still look in vain for evidence that the Mexican Government is justified in its present violent campaign against Catholic institutions. Incidentally, the general proclamations of loyalty to that Government on the part of Protestant bodies and their boasting of immunity are ominous phases proving again that bigotry will take a chance at compromising with sinister forces to the embarrassment of the Church. We have it on the authority of the *Missionary Review of the World* that

The State is not unfriendly to Protestant mission schools or churches and recognizes the great value of their work. It is interesting to note that Senor Moises Saenz, formerly the Director of the National Preparatory Schools, and now First Assistant in the Department of Education, is a graduate of the Coyoacan Preparatory School in Mexico (a Presbyterian

THE † SIGN

institution), and of Lafayette College in the United States. The present minister of Foreign affairs in Mexico is also a graduate of a Protestant school and President Calles had sent two wards of his to an American Protestant mission school in Mexico.

It is a wierd alignment and only the very credulous can see it operating for the ultimate good of Christianity. From the standpoint of consistency alone the impartial observer cannot fail to be edified at the heroic resistance of the Mexican priesthood and hierarchy.

We should hesitate to associate with officials subject to such characterization as is found in certain charges of District Attorney Valls of Texas. Puig Causarano, ex-Minister of Education in Mexico, has been arrested for libel. The Mexican Ambassador, Tellez, had intervened, complaining that the arrest "was due to lamentable error or to the ignorance of the authorities of Texas." Secretary of State Kellogg promptly wired Governor Ferguson for information. He got it through the District Attorney as follows: (translation by the *Baltimore Catholic Review* from *La Prensa* of San Antonio):

Please assure Secretary Kellogg that there are men in the official circles of Mexico much higher in power and importance than the Minister of Education who are wanted in Webb County to answer at the bar of public justice for high crimes and misdemeanors, and when these men are arrested they will be tried, not by diplomatic notes exchanged between the two Governments, but by an incorruptible judge and jury and in accordance with the laws of the State of Texas.

Law and order will be maintained on the border whether the offender be the humblest citizen in all the land or a member of the Cabinet of the Government of Mexico.

In common with all Americans, I entertain a profound admiration for the rugged honesty, the brilliant intellect and the superb patriotism of our illustrious Secretary of State, but I also respectfully assert that the indictments pending in my district will be tried not by diplomatic exchanges, but by the laws of my State.

Our Own Mexicans

EUROPEAN immigration has been restricted, but the cheap labor vacuum that has thus been created is quietly sucking the Mexican out of the Southwest and into the North and East," says a writer in the *Century*. Alaska fisheries are competing for him with Arizona cotton planters. In Chicago he is displacing the negro in the steel-mills and stockyards. They are the favorite laborers in the sugar-beet belts. Farther east he may be found displacing the Slav as a track laborer.

The Mexican migration has gathered momentum as a result of recurrent revolutions on the one

hand, and on the other through the evidence of prosperity attained by friends and kinsmen who preceded in the venture. We should rather marvel that this migration is so belated since it means passing from a hard life with a little corn, a few beans, a hut and much work to what that writer describes as his first American pay-day, say in the Fall, when the happy Mexican buys a flaming silk shirt instead of an overcoat, a victrola instead of a load of coal, an enlarged photograph of himself and family instead of an English dictionary. "The ambition of the average Mexican is a five-gallon hat, a package of cigarettes, and a bowl of *chile con carne*." This rather derogatory statement in a measure defines a peaceful people unconscious of the problem they have constituted for this country. That problem has reached a stage where our large employers and our labor leaders are at serious odds.

But we should be more interested in the measures to be adopted for their spiritual welfare. Evangelical missionaries have for years been strategically stationed throughout the Southwest with the aim of assimilating the Mexican settlers. Through Community Centers, Neighborhood Houses and other social institutions they, as one of them puts it, "reach out loving hands into hundreds of Mexican homes." Daily Vacation Bible Schools and Demonstration Farms are among the means adopted in the competition for their souls. A report to the *Missionary Review* thus concludes:

There are probably not less than 12,000 Protestant Mexican church members in the Southwest, with a greater number of Sunday-school children. Then there is a host who, walking the dim borderland between faith and doubt, may be classed as "adherents." But there are not less than a million and three quarters of these people living under the Stars and Stripes, and they have not left their ignorance and superstition in Mexico (!)... The need is appalling and the task is great.

Catholic organizations engaged in saving these Mexicans from perversion should be encouraged and supported. The Very Rev. Father Molloy, C. SS. R, recently told the National Council of Catholic Women:

Mexico's subjects are crowding across the borders, and are gradually moving north and east, seeking employment, and remaining there with or without it, to be a burden, a menace or a blessing, just as we are prepared to seize the situation... Naturally they look for a friend, one who will assist spiritually, and he who will grasp the outstretched hand is the one to gain their confidence and, in many cases, their souls... The only sure way to transform the Mexican from an alien into a sincere believer in American principles and at the same time to preserve his Catholic Faith is to build up the moral character of the Mexican child. The responsibility must not be left to the priest and to the sisters. It must rest with the lay people, and the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women will soon be a solution to the problem.

The Greatest War Cemetery in the World

Where the Cross Soothes Poignant Memories of Victories Hard Won

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

IT lies between the frontier mountains of north-eastern Italy, quite close to them and to the plain that flees toward the Adriatic sea. The hill is gently rounded, rising, like a bosom that sighs—a sigh itself uplifted by mother earth. The Carso, historic heights of blood poured forth like water, soars beyond it; the Isonzo, a few miles away, reaches the engulfing sea. All the soil roundabout has been harrowed with iron and rent by shot and shell.

The hill itself, which looks like a mere mound in the distance, suggests some idea of turf, but it is not turf; it is all that is most hard and harsh—stones piled in natural disorder; big, sloping grey boulders that giant hands seem to have twisted at some period when they were soft. No trees, no flowers grow upon this austere summit; only here and there brief interludes of coarse grass, rude plots of unlovely weeds and briars, and stiff blades pushing up among the cairns.

There was a reason why this spot was selected. Graves of men killed in action were scattered over the whole district, almost as numerous as the strewn stones. And not graves

alone, but arms, helmets, exploded shells, rags of uniforms, fragments of iron and steel, all the ruin, all the havoc wrought by the ruthlessness of war. The pity and the horror of it were unspeakable. The Committee for the Memorials to fallen soldiers were confronted here with a colossal task. They solved it by making upon the spot itself the immense war cemetery of Redipuglia, the largest in the world, for over twenty-nine thousand men have been brought together here in last assembly. Many were already present, and to these were added the soldier dead from the neighboring cemeteries where they had been laid in haste during the harrowing days of bitter conflict.

The cemetery is named for the village of Redipuglia hard by. It is situated on Quota No. 48 of the hill of St. Elia, of S. Pietro d'Isonzo, toward the lower slopes of the Carso range, where from Sei Busi the bold ridge strides forward commandingly above the Isonzo. For four years, from 1920 to 1924, gangs of laborers toiled incessantly at the making of graves, twenty-one thousand mines were exploded to blast the rock in which concentric, curved channels were hollowed (they measure something over



THE VOTIVE CHAPEL—THE "LIGHT-HOUSE TO WHICH THE EYES OF ALL ITALY SHALL BE UPLIFTED."

THE † SIGN



TOMB OF CHAPLAIN FATHER JAMES BECCARI

twenty-two miles) to be used as tombs, and divided into seven sectors.

In the two uppermost circles, the officers, four hundred in number, were laid; and beneath them soldiers of every arm, fifty thousand only identified, the rest belonging to that pathetic, nameless horde who all similarly, gave their lives for country and home. Of these humble and obscure martyrs, one feels inclined to say, as the early chroniclers of the persecutions do of the Christians who died in masses. . . . "Whose names God knows."

Most of the dead of Redipuglia belong to the Third Army, the command of the Duke of Aosta, and most of them were very young. Where photographs have been placed upon the tombs, the faces are almost those of the boys; clear, unspoiled faces with eyes that look out frank and full of hope—life in the flower. What a harvesting for death! If anything could make one abominate war with one's whole soul, it is just this, to know that its cruel sweeping is not only of to-day but that it reaches far on into tomorrow. They should have been the men of tomorrow, those dead of the fair countenances full of the promise of generous strength.

THE cemetery was dedicated on May 24, 1923, though the excavating of the trenches in the rock, the galleries for tombs, was not yet completed. A solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Monsignor Bartolomasi, the *Episcopus Castrensis*, who blessed the burial ground. In his address,

weighted with the sorrow of remembrance, he lifted his eyes and his hands toward the Cross, showing how that alone remains, spreading wide arms of mercy over the resting of the dead and the grief of the living—Christ, the one hope for all.

Monsignor Celso Constantini, in a prayer which voiced the silent grieving of so many persons present, spoke this same hope and promise of the Cross . . . "Prostrate before Thee, O Lord, in the midst of these tombs, we adore Thee, we bless Thee, we invoke Thee, because Thou in dying hast destroyed death, and because Thou art the Resurrection and the Life. O Lord, Thou Who hast care of every one of the bones of the dead, protect all these graves with the shadow of Thy Cross. O Mary, Queen of Martyrs, and Mother of Sorrows, pray for all these dead who were so dear to us and comfort the sorrowing mothers and widows who mourn their loss. Lord God, our Father, a host of little hands is lifted toward Thee: they are the innocent and helpless children who cry to Thee,



COLLECTIVE MEMORIAL TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

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for never again on earth will their lips know the tender name of father. Our Father who art in heaven, hear them and save."

The Duke of Aosta, too, had been asked to speak, and a veritable inspiration rang in the voice of the soldier-leader. Most of these men of the death-trenches of Redipuglia had known him and loved him as their chief. He recalled, briefly, the magnificent response, with which the country arose to the call of self-donation. . . . "And certainly, neither among the last nor least were you, O most dear brothers of my unforgettable Third Army. O glorious Dead of Italy, from this cemetery of the supreme final mustering to victory, from this cemetery which is the immortal synthesis of the sacrifices and of the glory of our country, a light shines, vivid as lightning and set high upon the pinnacle to which all Italy shall lift her eyes. But this, brilliant as it is, is not our only beacon. The same light rises from the innumerable crosses scattered about



CIOTTI'S "APOTHEOSIS" IN THE VOTIVE CHAPEL



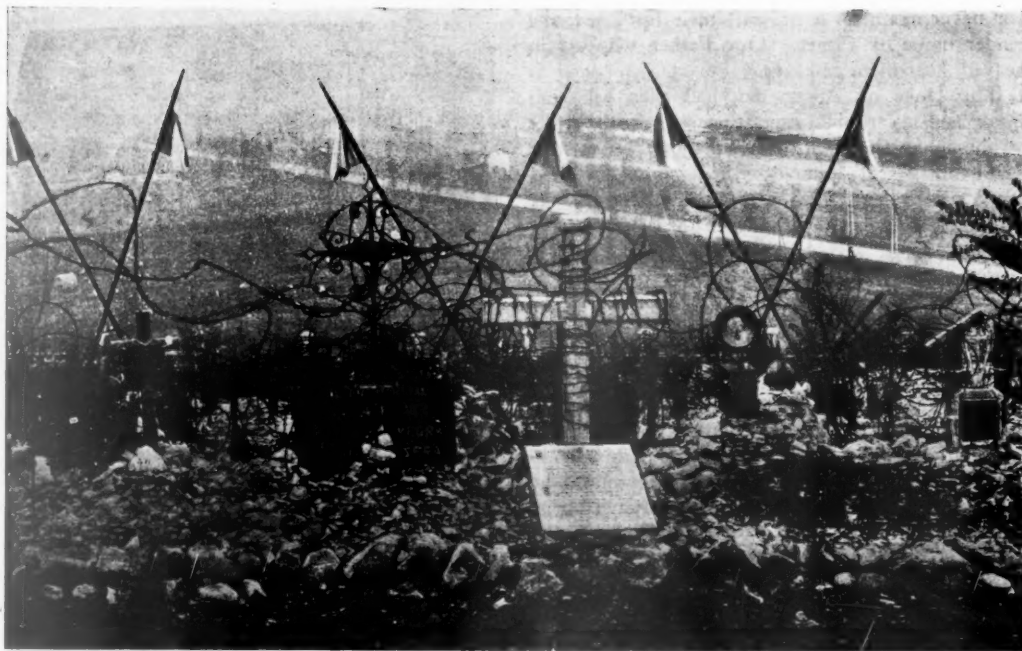
GRAVES OF MAJOR AND LIEUTENANT VILLASANTA

the Piave, about the Isonzo, upon the Carso, and all the hills and all the plains, in every place where our Italy passed, fighting and bleeding—little crosses adorned only with a helmet which still bears the dents of conflict; little crosses with their bunch of withered flowers, the tribute of some pure and devoted heart; little crosses burned by the sun and shaken by the storm, and which are our faith, our glory, and our strength."

HIS words come to one's mind as one visits the monuments and memorials of the cemetery. The little crosses are everywhere here too; overhead, at the uppermost point of the hill, soars the dedicatory monument, to which he alluded, in the form of a lighthouse, from which a powerful beacon burns at night, and four great crosses, ruby-colored, blaze upon its four upper faces, lighting all the tombs with a ruddy glow.

As far as possible, the life of the soldier at the front has been reconstructed by innumerable objects, genuine war relics, picked up in this very region, and used in the loving arrangement of the tombs. The crosses, the wreaths of flowers, are of iron found twisted and distorted in the fields and among the stones. Even such things as flasks and camp kettles have been turned into ornaments. A portable telegraph apparatus, found upon the mountain, has been erected under a small shed, upon a stool, and a marble slab, set in the rock near it, is engraved with the message wired from headquarters. "War Bulletin. May 24,

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ONE OF THE COLLECTIVE PLOTS DEDICATED TO THE DEAD OF THE CAVALRY REGIMENTS

1917. Yesterday upon the Carso after ten hours of most violent bombarding the valorous troops of the Third Army attacked and broke through the strong lines of the enemy from Castagnevizza to the sea." That is why the cemetery was dedicated on May 24; it was the anniversary of terrific losses, but of victory too—and these are the men who broke through 'from Castagnevizza to the sea.'

THE entrance to the cemetery is by an iron gateway. The military character of the cemetery reveals itself by the shells of large caliber used to decorate the posts, and by the helmets introduced as a part of the design in the iron railings. A broad straight road leads directly, ascending gradually between the curving lines of the tombs, to the culminating Memorial Monument at the centre of the grounds, the "lighthouse to which the eyes of all Italy shall be uplifted." In the solid square basement the votive chapel opens its door at the top of a brief flight of steps; but by a fine coördination of the different parts of one same plan, the tomb of General Pagini has been set in front of the chapel, at a short distance, so that instead of a flat wall surface, with a door in the middle of it, the person who approaches sees only the lighthouse soaring, and before it a cumulus of rock with a

superb lion rising as from rest and facing him enquiringly.

Passing around the tomb in the rocks, we enter the chapel and find it adorned with frescoes. Truth forbids the praising of these paintings; but the one over the altar, which the artist, Ciotti, has called "The Apotheosis," takes hold of one at first glance with a direct and powerful emotion which causes all the other pictures to grow pale. Upon the field of battle a young soldier is dying. His agonized hands hold against his breast the blood-stained flag of Italy. Over him, in a white vision of mercy, the Eternal Christ is bending; the wounded Hands of Christ cover and hold the convulsive hands of the expiring man. The arms of Christ sustain him; and the dark head reposes upon that Breast where once John, in the abandonment of love, bowed his. The thorn-crowned Head of Christ inclines, and His wan and sorrowful Face, too, bears as it were a stamp of death; but He kisses the forehead of the dying soldier whose only comfort He is in this last hour. The face of the dying man is marvellously rendered, gaunt with suffering, sharp in the stress of death, the lips parted, yet having no words more. He has upturned his eyes, in the supreme last anguish, and they are at once glazed and fixed, while seeking eagerly, even ecstatically, the Face of Christ. This is the supreme word of the

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cemetery of Redipuglia: it can convey no greater message than this; but the artist seems to have had in mind as he limned the beautiful group of the Savior and the saved, the expression which the Italians always use in speaking of a blessed and holy death—"he died in the kiss of the Lord."

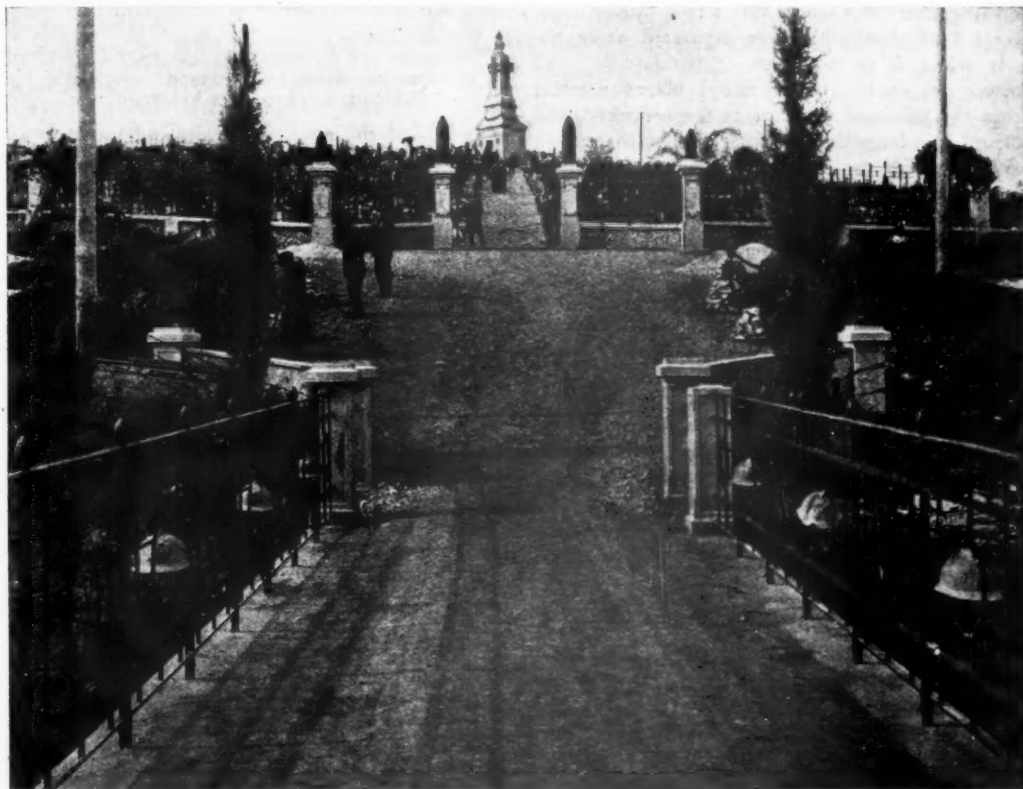
THE furnishings of the chapel are significant. A flag covers the altar; the four candlesticks are four bayonets with their cross-shaped hilts; and round about them, as round about the crucifix, those strange flowers are woven out of the junk iron picked up upon the battle field. The bell is a helmet, with an upright bayonet-hilt for a handle; the holy water font is a grenade bound by a metal laurel wreath, and around it is bound, like a sash of honor, the trapping of a cavalry officer's horse with the monogram of the King's initials "V. E." embroidered upon it. This too is a war relic.

In the immediate neighborhood of the chapel, spread the two vast rings of graves of officers, some of them with most touching memorials. One lowly cross has the Chalice and Mass Host in metal upon

it. This is the tomb of an army chaplain killed in the heroic discharge of his priestly ministry. His name, James Beccari of the 36th Infantry, is followed by the word of the Psalm: *Posuit humilem in sublime et exaltavit caput eius.*

Two tombs close together, and joined by the chain of a gun-carriage and barbed wire entwined between cross and cross, always attract attention. The two soldiers who rest here were father and son. The one an officer of distinction, the other a boy of nineteen, second lieutenant in the 9th Bersaglieri, (sharpshooters) who, in his brief career, won the gold cross of honor. He carried his men across the Piave, lifting them by the inspiration of his example and stirring word; flung himself into attack after attack, not knowing fear; and fell at last, struck in full chest, his face toward the defences he was breaking through, on November 4, 1918.

The name of this youth was Alberto Riva Villasantà. An inscription at the foot of the two graves is a short dialogue between father and son. It should be mentioned, incidentally, that all the poets of Italy were invited to contribute verses or epi-



ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY. NOTE THE WAR RELICS WROUGHT INTO THE DESIGN OF THE FENCE

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graphs for the cemetery of Redipuglia. Some are magnificent, some not quite so happy; but they are, even so, a tribute of the writers of Italy to their brothers of the sword.

"Father, look here. . the gash. . art thou content?"
 "O son, more truly mine with thy breast rent!"
 "But mother, all alone in sorrow left?"
 "A greater, Italy, knows her bereft."

AS we pass downward among the tombs of the soldiers, many are marked with significant memorials. Crossed guns frequently indicate the repose of men of the infantry regiments. One of the nameless dead, who perhaps was a wireless operator, has the remnants of an apparatus placed over him, and the couplet, the sole memory, reads:

"The whole of the tale passed over me:
 From the first dread shock to the victory."

Another tomb is marked by a sack of cement, hardened into a solid mass, and the voice of the nameless sleeper beneath it is supposed to address it in the graven inscription: "In life thou wast a bulwark to my body and sometimes a pillow. In death thou dost sign my grave." Who rests there? Only one of those myriad sleepers who gave his life for his country and whose very name, by the tragic accident of death, has been separated from the body which is to rise again at the last day and answer for itself. A memorial placed not far from the principal entrance to the cemetery, and formed by a large sheet of iron, perhaps the section of an armored car, ornamented by a garland of bronze roses, voices the sentiment of many in the brave words painted upon it:

"What matters now my name to me and thee?
 Cry to the wind: SOLDIER OF ITALY!
 And I, who died, with that shall rest content."

Two of the troopers have a regular little shelter built over them, of piled up stones covered with arched slats, and beneath the rude refuge two army cots, found abandoned in just such a temporary abode, have been set side by side. Upon one lies a cloak, upon the other a worn uniform coat. A pair of army boots is beneath the bed. In front of this realistic monument, a small appropriate quatrain is carved:

"Our sleep is quiet now and no alarm
 Of roaring cannon tears the flimsy wall.
 But let the bugle sound again to arm,
 We leap in answer to our country's call."

Among the most notable memorials are those erected to certain groups of the identified dead belonging to particular branches of the service. That, for instance, of the carabinieri, a splendid body of men from whom the King's Guards are selected, passing, after eight years of training, into the Royal Cuirassiers. The monument is a pile

of large stones, upon each one of which is a cross and a name. At the summit is placed the familiar cocked hat with the cockade, and the regimental shoulder-straps. A marble slab bears in large clear letters the salutation of the poet, one of the finest words in the whole cemetery:

"Carabineer Guards of the King,
 Used to obey in silence—
 And in silence to die."

The Alpini, regiments recruited among the Alpine folk, hardened to the severe cold of the summits and to mountain climbing, have a memorial, made of their special implements, snow-shoes, skis, picks and alpenstocks—relics brought from the high peaks where these "pure heroes" did their strenuous work and died among the everlasting snows. The Bersaglieri, sharp-shooters and shock troops, who always march at quick-step and have wheels at their command, rest under a tall cross of iron with a sash of honor wound around it, and upon which a broken bicycle wheel picked up in the plain has been fastened. A somewhat pagan inscription by D'Annunzio epitomizes the valor of the corps and the love of the people for this regiment which is believed to be unconquerable:

"Fast with my wheel in every ray
 Courage and steel are seen to play;
 And on the flying rim is found
 Clear-shining fortune, eyes unbound."

ONE of the most significant and touching of the collective plots is that dedicated to the dead of the cavalry regiments. It lies upon a high spot, close to the edge of the hill, from whence the view plunges into infinite space, a limitless panorama which the setting sun fills with a floating mist of gold. At our feet we read the words of remembrance: "The glory of their sunset will never be followed by night." But the little banners at the top of the crossed lances flap with a faint, sad sound in the evening breeze. Little crosses with barbed wire carried from one to another and wound around them; behind them the boundless plain flying away to the hills and the distant western sea. When the heavy squadrons charge, lance in rest, all the bannerets together make a snapping and crackling which is dread and sinister as thunder. And the sword scabbards clank to the pounding rhythm of the plunging horses. Eight lances here, picked up on the battle-field and crossed in pairs, bannerets grown silent in mourning. The epitaph is dedicated to:

"The chivalry of Italy:
 Regiments sacred to death.
 Sacred to victory."

In our memory rises up an anguishful remembrance of the days of conflict, the head lines of a

paper read in the New York subway: "Severe losses at the Italian war front. Regiment of the White Lancers wiped out." For three days the terrible thing was before us incessantly. The White Lancers! Did anybody in the New York subway know or care anything about the White Lancers? For us it meant the names of friends, of playmates in childhood, of mothers and sisters whom we knew. "Regiment of the White Lancers wiped out in last heroic charge." It was descriptive of them; one could not doubt the truth of the report. Only some half-dozen men survived to tell the tale. We heard of a father, a white-haired General, picking his way weeping among the flowers of Italy who lay strewn over the terrible field, and moving the prone bodies to look into the dead faces. A staff officer perceived the bending figure and was horrified. "What are you doing, General?" "I am looking for my boy." "But he isn't here, he is at head-quarters; he was not touched." This the only officer of the White Lancers spared, of all who took part in the "heroic last charge."

ONE woman lies among the assembly of the dead at Redipuglia, the Red Cross nurse, Margherita Parodi, killed while succoring the wounded. She was twenty-one years old. She also has her cross of iron, adorned with iron lilies, and the inscription recalls that she was decorated for valor on the battle-field. In the dedicatory couplet, the soldiers for whom she laid down her life are made to address her:

"Thy bands were healing balm in every ill:
Sister, in death, remain thou with us still."

An impressive monument is that of the Customs Guards who, being close to the frontiers in the discharge of their duties, found themselves involved between the contending armies. Many perished at their posts. Two great eagles of the summits struggle at the top of the granite shaft. The epigraph says simply that these men "Died in defence of the holy laws of their country." But a word of admonition upon the face of the monument is worth quoting: "Whosoever thou mayest be, stranger or native-born, see that thou carry not the contraband of hatred between this and other lands."

Evening steals upon us unawares, a grey evening full of memories and shadows. The powerful beacon flashes overhead its luminous message of the supreme value of the sacrifice. The great crosses, blood-red for remembrance, blaze forth to the four points of the compass. Above the graves is the trophy of the redeeming sacrifice of Christ—the "Sign of the Son of Man," when He shall come to judge the living and the dead.

The Infusing

The Christ of the Crossroads

By B. J. MURDOCH



HE two men stopped again, and both looked for the second time, back over the way along which they had come, towards the gray blue gates of the monastery; then they continued on their way in silence.

The two had been visiting for the first time the Carthusian Monastery of Markminster. And although everything about this great silent house of prayer had deeply impressed them, there had been one seemingly simple little incident that had most strikingly arrested their attention, and had impressed them more strangely than anything else.

Accompanied by the guest-master, the two visitors had examined every part of the monastery and seen the little dwelling houses where each monk lives alone when he is not in choir singing the praises of the Most High. They had seen the library, and finally visited the great Gothic church, with its strange wooden stalls where the monks stood to pray. They had passed, at different times, monks and lay brothers, all of whom were clothed in white. As they were nearing the great outer doors of the monastery they passed four or five brothers clad in a kind of brown habit. All wore dark blue aprons of some heavy material and their hands were soiled as from weeding in the garden. One of these brothers carried a large basket of peas in their green pods. He walked with a slight limp.

It was to this brother that the eyes of the visitors had been strangely drawn; for there was on his face a look of mysterious serenity, so strikingly arresting, that both men on beholding it started perceptively. Yet the young brother had passed them as if totally oblivious of their presence. It was thinking of this young brother and the serene expression of deep quiet peace, not of this world, that caused the two men to stop once or twice and look involuntarily towards the great silent Carthusian monastery that they had just left.

Had the two been present at a certain crossroads in France a few years preceding their visit to Markminster, they might have witnessed the little scene we are about to relate; and again they might not have seen.

It was one of those dark, wet, heavy days that came frequently in France, and brought forth so often from American lips the question "Where's

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this 'Sunny France' they speak of?" A young soldier standing very near a large dugout was suddenly partly buried in the soft clay by the exploding of an enemy shell that came screaming over from the German lines striking the dugout and totally destroying it.

When the young soldier was unearthed and brought, somewhat dazed, to the medical aid post, he looked enquiringly at the doctor, hoping to hear the word that was sweeter to his ears than the joyous music of all the birds of spring, 'Hospital.'

But the doctor did not say hospital. He gave the lad a careful examination, noting particularly a small red swelling on the instep of his right foot; but it was only a very light wound made by a stone or a piece of spent shell casing. So the medical man looked at the anxious eyes and said not unkindly: "Just a little shaking up, Buddy, you won't need to bother about the wound as there is not even an abrasion. Just go back to the transport for a couple of days and go on light duty."

THE lad got his equipment, tried to brush off a little of the thick oily clay that clung to his uniform and then, dazed and half stupified, bumped along the communication trenches till he came to one of the old main roads of France.

His clothes were damp and heavy; his equipment seemed to weigh more than usual. He was hungry and tired; and every nerve in his body pained from the concussion. All this together with the dark, damp heaviness of the atmosphere tended to make him very depressed. At times he felt like crawling into the ditch and lying there. But he tried to put these thoughts from his mind, by thinking of happy, far off days. He thought of the day of his First Communion: a beautiful sunlit day in June. He and his sister Mary, who was his twin, had received first Holy Communion together with all the little boys and girls of the village. Old sister St. Agnes had led them from the Sisters' school to the church. How holy and sweet and quiet it had all been. Mary was a nun now, in the beautiful white habit of the Good Shepherd, looking so serene and quiet and holy, going about her duties in the quiet peaceful convent.

The tears welled up in his eyes; so he deliberately brought his thoughts back to France and the way along which he was walking, while a hard though weary expression came into his eyes and his mouth became tight and firm. His way now led him through great unfenced fields.

If the doctor had only said "hospital" thought the young soldier. Surely the shaking up he had gotten was sufficient to take a man to the hospital. He still felt dazed and there was a ringing in his

ears. He slipped a little as he walked; but he looked ahead. In a little while he would again reach the main road.

Perhaps the lad had been too much engrossed in his thoughts, or, perhaps, the ringing in his ears, due to the concussion of the bursting shell, prevented him from hearing the great headquarters automobile that came so swiftly along the soft road, flashed by him, splashing him from head to foot with mud.

He stood still in the way, too utterly dissipated to be angry, looking after the large shining car with its load of warmly-clad, well-nourished, well-rested staff officers, the red bands of their caps showing distinctly in the sombre grayness of the day. The car turned into the main road and soon was lost to view. Yet the dazed muddy figure stood still.

He had often heard the men speak of the luxury and ease of the life of many of the staff officers; yet he well knew that many of those holding positions on the staff had worked their way to these by sheer ability. They too had borne the burden of the day and its heats. But it suddenly came to him now, how natural it was for the men not to love the staff. What a contrast there was at times; tired, dirty, hungry, nerve-wrung soldiers coming wearily back from a turn in the trenches, marching long distances with their heavy equipment; and the well-cared-for staff officers speeding quickly by in their luxurious cars. Truly there could be no sympathy here; and it was not strange that now and then a little bitterness escaped from the lips of overwrought men.

THE lad made no attempt to wipe the mud from his face and hands; he was too sick at heart. But presently he continued his journey. Just as he came to the main road something seemed to draw his attention. He raised his eyes. There at the cross-roads was a great Calvary, the figure of the Crucified Christ drooping in agony; on His white forehead, beneath the crown of thorns, was a red band—of blood; from pierced hands and feet, and open side trickled little red streams.

Something seemed strangely to thrill the lad. Here was One who understood. Here was One to whom all downhearted could turn. There was surely a bond of sympathy here. He too had suffered. The lad, moved by some mysterious sympathetic love, drew nearer the crucifix. "My Jesus," he murmured. Then he noticed that the crucifix too had been splashed with mud. With three fingers he drew the sleeve of his tunic tight and twisted it a little, then with the only dry part there was he very carefully and reverently wiped away

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the mud from the instep and ankle of the Christ.

Suddenly the whole world seemed to change; brightness and peace seemed everywhere. Slowly, drawn by a strange, sweet, irresistible power the lad raised his eyes. No longer the look of agony appeared on the face of the Crucified, the head moved a little, the luminous eyes of love opened, the gentlest smile that ever came to lips played about the mouth, while with the sweet courtesy of heaven the grateful Master bowed His thanks, flooding the soul of the weary soldier with happiness which is not of this world, and peace that surpasseth the power of all understanding. Simultaneously a sharp pain that lasted but an instant pierced the instep of his right foot, just where had been the light wound.

Everything lasted but an instant, and presently the crucifix was as before. But not so the soul of the lad. He was upborne by a new spirit. All was changed. Peace and a mysterious serenity had come to abide with him. He could but exclaim as he knelt against the cross and let his forehead rest on the pierced feet, "Jesus my love! Jesus my love!"

In a little while it occurred to him that he must be on his way. Serenely he stood, raised his steel helmet and, bending a little, kissed the pierced feet. Then he went onward.

Hardly had he not gone one hundred yards when he found he could no longer walk. Yet he did not suffer. He seemed to understand that there was a pain in the foot, yet it caused him not the slightest discomfort.

He sat down at the wayside on a little pile of stones and removed his shoe and sock. There was blood on his foot yet his sock had seemed quite dry. He raised his foot a little, but he felt no surprise or shock at what he saw. There was a deep wound piercing his instep, and some droops of blood flowed from it.

Quickly he opened the little field dressing that all soldiers going into action always carried. He poured the glass phial of iodine into the wound, placed over this the large piece of absorbent cotton and then wrapped it round with the absorbent gauze. He remained there till the first ambulance coming from the front drew near. This he hailed and in a little while he was lying on a cot in the Casualty Clearing Station.

THE medical officer on removing the field dressing gave one quick look of suspicion at the lad; but the soldier was totally unconscious of this. He was lying quiet and strangely serene thinking of the love and peace of the gentle Christ.

It was, however, just a passing look of suspicion,

prompted by the first appearance of the wound. So many self-inflicted wounds were done on the foot, mostly with the bayonet. But a second glance brought a different look to the eyes of the surgeon. A wound such as this could not be self-inflicted.

"Strange," said the doctor, "very strange," as he looked from the wound that pierced the instep and went clean through to the sole of the foot, to the serene quiet face.

"And you say that the first time you looked at the wound there was only a small red swelling, and your M. O. drew your attention to the fact that there was not even an abrasion; and after you had come a long distance on foot you found that the foot was pierced right through?"

Then as the doctor looked into the eyes of the youth he felt some unfamiliar feeling of awe sweeping over his spirit that he was powerless to analyse. As he continued his work he moved softly; and when he spoke to his assistants it was in a very low voice.

A few hours before when the dazed young soldier had stood in the medical aid post anxiously awaiting the medical officer's verdict, the one word he longed to hear more than any other was "Hospital." Now as he lay on his little military cot in the Casualty Clearing Station, and heard this medical officer deliver his pronouncement, it did not in the least affect him. In fact, in no way did he manifest that he had even heard the doctor though he had heard him. Yet the doctor had said, rather gently, "You will have to go to the hospital and after you are convalescent it will be home for you, for your marching days are over."

ONE day early in spring, leaning on his cane, he limped up the walk to the Monastery of the Good Shepherd to see Mary, now known as Sister St. Aloysius. For a long happy hour they talked, then very quietly, while an expression of intense love lighted even more that serene ineffable expression of peace that stamped his features, he told her of his experience at the cross-roads in France when the Savior had looked on him. And not noticing her great surprise, went on to tell her that he had spoken of it all to a holy old priest, adding that now he always wished to be alone as much as possible to think of God.

The old priest had listened very quietly and after a few questions put to the lad decided that he must go to Markminster where in the silence that forever reigns there he might pass his days with God.

If, then, on that bright summer day the visitors had known the story herein set down, perhaps they would not have wondered so much—Yet, perhaps they would have wondered the more.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for June, 1926)



HE special intention of the Archconfraternity for this month is: The success of the International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Chicago from June 20th to the 24th under the leadership of His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of that city. This congress, the twenty-eighth of its kind, will undoubtedly surpass any that has preceded it in the number of those in attendance.

The magnitude of this religious demonstration must not be interpreted as a mere display of Catholic American enthusiasm. No doubt there are many amongst our fellow countrymen who will see in the congress nothing but an excuse for parading our numerical strength. Others again, will take even a more sinister view and regard the congress as a political gesture. It is needless to say that the congress is nothing more than what, on the face of it, it purports to be—a purely religious celebration.

This is the first International Eucharistic Congress to be held within the limits of the United States. It is only fitting that every American Catholic should be interested in its success. Many will actually attend it; some at a great expense of time and money; but all should hope and pray that the congress will reflect in the eyes of the Catholic world the staunchness, the enthusiasm, the devotion of the American Church.

The real success of the congress consists in centering the thoughts of Catholics on the abiding Presence of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The doctrine of the Eucharist—Mass, Communion, Real Presence—is little understood by those outside the Church. It may be that the congress will prove the occasion of some sincere and devout non-Catholics studying this doctrine, and, in consequence, of becoming convinced converts to the Church.

The Holy Eucharist is the very heart of our Catholic religion. Around It has been built up

the most impressive of all liturgies. To honor It we have raised and adorned the most beautiful temples in the world. To make Its dwelling place less unworthy we have spent lavishly of the treasure of Christendom.

Take the Eucharist out of the Catholic Church and we should have left in it only the emptiness and bankruptcy of Protestantism symbolized by such poor things as a bit of choir music and the voice of a preacher.

If the Catholic Church has any claim on the allegiance of mankind it is because the Church gives men something in return for their allegiance. It gives men not a set of doctrines only, nor merely a moral code. Nor is the Church by any means a purely social organization for the uplift and betterment of the race.

The Catholic Church has for her main purpose the regeneration and sanctification of souls. And she attains her purpose through the Presence and Power of the Sacramental Christ. In the sacramental system, particularly in the Holy Eucharist, He dwells among men. He is not lost somewhere in the sky, utterly estranged from all us and all human conditions. We may in all truth say that He is one of our very neighbors, dwelling at our doors, easily approached, and always at leisure to listen to us, to receive our adoration, to help us.

To help us to a keener realization of the Sacramental Presence of Christ and all that it implies, no expenditure of time and money should be thought too great. The blessings so abundantly reaching us through the Mass, Holy Communion and the Real Presence are not to be weighed in the scales of earthly values.

Incidentally, the building of chapels in our mission district in China affords us an opportunity for multiplying homes for Christ and for bringing Him into new neighborhoods. What greater privilege could a Catholic enjoy than that of bringing into immediate contact our Savior Jesus Christ and souls who have never been introduced to Him?

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for missionary work at home and in China. Membership will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to **THE SIGN**, Union City, N. J.

The Education Bills

Reviewing and Surveying the Aims of Their Authors

By W. C. MURPHY



F the dead nothing but good" is a proverb which has the twin merits of conforming to the demands of practical horse-sense and to the dictates of good manners, whatever may be its strictly ethical status. In classical dress it embodies exactly the same philosophical viewpoint as that once expressed by a most practical ward boss when one of his henchmen, engaged in his master's business, had encountered a trigger finger more agile than his own. Some of the henchman's friends were plotting revenge, but the boss took no interest in such plans. In an aside to the writer, he summed up his attitude: "De game is to stick to de live ones."

His gangster tool was dead and there was no use crying over spilled milk—or blood. He was a practical soul, that boss. But science asserts that there are states of suspended animation a little farther removed from normal vigorous life than sleep, yet not true death. All of which leads up to saying that a bill designed to create a Federal Department of Education was introduced in the Senate of the United States on December 8, 1925 by Senator Charles Curtis (Rep.) Kansas, Majority Leader in the upper House of Congress. The bill was referred to the Committee on Education and Labor and, together with its House twin,—sponsored by Representative Daniel A. Reed (Rep.) of New York—was the subject of open hearings before a Joint Congressional Committee composed of members of the Committee on Education and Labor of the Senate and the Committee on Education of the House on February 24, 25, and 26. Thereafter the bill "passed on," in the language of some of its most ardent supporters. If it isn't actually dead, then its friends have treated it very shabbily by burying it prematurely.

Perhaps it should be recorded epitaphically that the Curtis-Reed bill had been shorn of the \$100,000,000 subsidy feature embodied in its ancestors, the Smith-Towner, Sterling-Towner, and Sterling-Reed bills of past Congresses. Again, perhaps, the absence of the pork-barrel feature superinduced the anemic condition responsible for the early demise. It wasn't so much worth fighting for as its forefathers had been. In fairness, however, it should be remarked that the proponents of the bill indi-

cated quite plainly at the public hearings that there would be no hesitancy in seeking the Federal subsidy as soon as the Department of Education should have been established.

There was a brief flurry of excitement among those interested in the Curtis-Reed Bill on March 11 when Senator Lawrence C. Phipps, Chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, introduced a bill which would enlarge the functions of the existing Bureau of Education in a manner which, its advocates believe, would answer the legitimate demands of those interests which have been so active in promoting the idea of a Federal Department of Education.

THE Phipps Bill would authorize the Bureau of Education in order "more fully and effectively to carry out its purpose and duties" to "conduct studies and investigations in the field of education and to make reports thereon, as follows:

"(1) Illiteracy; (2) immigrant education; (3) public school education, including administrative organization, construction of school buildings, cost of education, and organization and arrangement of school curricula; (4) physical education, including health education, recreation, and sanitation; (5) preparation and supply of competent teachers for the public schools; (6) higher education; and such other educational matters and subjects as in the judgment of the Commissioner of Education may require attention and study."

Whether or not the discretion to be conferred upon the Commissioner of Education in sub-division No. 6 would empower him, for example, to undertake a survey to determine the relative educational standards of private and public elementary schools, is not apparent from the text. "Such other educational matters and subjects as in the judgment of the Commissioner of Education may require attention and study" may include anything from the teaching of evolution in Tennessee to the heating apparatus used in the kindergartens of Keokuk.

There is also at present before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor another bill of Colorado origin. Its author is Senator Rice W. Means (Rep.), Senator Phipps' colleague. The Means Bill, like the Curtis Bill, would create a new Federal Department. Senator Means would

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go much further toward federalization of education than would Senator Phipps although one of the points wherein the Means Bill differs from the Curtis Bill is the provision in the former for a national Advisory Committee. Senator Means asserts that this feature tends to eliminate the danger of centralizing too much power in the hands of an executive agency in Washington. In his arguments on behalf of his proposal before the Joint Committee last February Senator Means said of his bill:

"It provides for an Advisory Committee to consist of the Superintendents of Schools of each and every State and our territories and insular possessions, making 53 in all; if not the State Superintendent, the officer who exercises similar duties in every State. The purpose of it is this. The objection to the bill (the Curtis Bill) that I have received has been that you are attempting to create a narrow bureau which will control one of the necessary vital fundamental institutions of American life, to wit, our public schools. You may avoid all questions of politics, all questions of factionalism, if you have each State controlling the actions and the destiny of the bureau of education. You will not have the complaint that party politics control, or that any other faction of substance controls, the education of the country, if you bring once a year into Washington this Advisory Conference, there to consider and determine the report then to be carried back to each State."

This statement is quoted, somewhat lengthily, with a purpose, albeit no friendly intent so far as the object of the bill is concerned. It will be noted that Senator Means said "the objection to the bill . . . has been that you are attempting to create a narrow bureau which will control. . . etc."

And how does Senator Means propose to meet this objection which he, obviously, thinks is important enough to merit an answer? By abolishing this "narrow bureau" or by limiting its powers? Not for a moment! He proposes to create an "Advisory Committee."

ALTHOUGH it would be difficult to prove it in court, it is quite generally taken for granted in Washington that the person who invented "Advisory Committees" for Executive Departments and Bureaux of the Federal Government is a lineal descendant of the inventor of Republican Senatorial and Gubernatorial candidates in Texas and their Democratic counterparts in Pennsylvania.

Aside from that quaint assemblage known as the Conference of the Governors which gives the Chief Executives of the various States an annual excuse for visiting some famous watering place (sic), there is probably no more useless piece of official machinery in all American officialdom than these "Advisory Committees." They are the "yes men" of departmental administration; well mean-

ing, serious-minded folk who come to Washington in all good faith, take part in carefully staged and controlled deliberations, vote their confidence in the powers that be, and depart to whence they came. And an "Advisory Committee" composed of State officials would be more useless than the average run of such bodies. As a matter of course, the officials from States controlled by the current Administration would vote with the Administration's federal agents and the officials from opposition States would vote the other way, and neither group of votes would mean anything from an educational standpoint.

For one who manages to retain some faith in the basic principles of the American scheme of government, however perverted they may be in current application, there is considerable consolation in the history of the Curtis-Reed Bill and its predecessors.

THERE was a time when only the discretion of a Committee Chairman stood in the way of passage of the Smith-Towner Bill by one House of Congress. But that condition has never been approximated since. In each succeeding session the bill, under its various labels, has finished farther and farther away from enactment. Its proponents no longer proclaim boldly that the Federal Government owes a duty to the hookworm belt to educate its self-neglected children at the expense of States which have solved their own problems by taxing their own citizens. Now they ask merely for a Department of Education without any subsidy. And some of them would be satisfied with nothing more drastic than an increased appropriation for the existing Bureau of Education.

And so, in Christian charity, it is difficult to say anything harsh concerning the Department of Education bills of the present session of Congress.

Most of our enjoyments cost us so much, and most of our affections, whether associated with the household life or with our country, cause us so much pain, either in the way of regret or of anxiety, as abundantly to remind us that they were accorded to us more as a school of duty than as a source of enjoyment.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

"Corpus baptizati caro Crucifixi," the body of the baptized man is the flesh of the Crucified. . . We do not make enough of the resurrection of the body. The thought is a grand incentive to the virtue that we most need—a peculiar flower of the Incarnation. I venture to say to you, "Take care of the body and the soul will take care of itself."—*Father Rickaby, S. J.*

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

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QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

FREEDOM TO MARRY

(1) May a non-Catholic who was married to a Catholic by a minister, and later divorced him, marry a Catholic without embracing the Catholic Faith. Is there any dispensation which may be granted in such cases?—Washington, D. C.

(2) A Catholic man was married to a non-Catholic woman in October, 1908, by a Justice of the Peace. Is that marriage valid in the Catholic Church?—New York City.

(1) The possibility of a second marriage depends on the invalidity of the first. If the first shall have been declared invalid by the bishop on account of a nullifying impediment, another marriage may be contracted with a dispensation necessitated by the difference of religion. Such cases must be submitted to the bishop by a priest.

(2) Consult a priest. It is not the office of a magazine to declare any marriage invalid.

SIN AND CONSCIENCE

I refer to your question in the April SIGN-POST concerning an erroneous conscience. My little catechism tells me—"three things are necessary to make a sin mortal, viz., grievous matter, sufficient reflection, and full consent of the will." Now, in the first place, how can there be question of mortal sin if there is no grievous matter, regardless of the dictate of one's conscience? Would you say the reverse were also true? Then why are our missionaries flaying the so-called "modern woman" with a pretty strong line of talk? Nice, innocent little girls who see no wrong in what they do, because their conscience does not tell them they are doing evil, are consequently not guilty of mortal sin.—New Jersey

The conditions you have enumerated are necessary to constitute mortal sin in itself. But the gravity of the matter of sin is made known through the conscience. Consequently, the morality of an act in the individual is judged according as the matter of the sin is known to him as grave or light, that is, grievous or venial. The light of one's own conscience is to be followed in every case. It is God's voice speaking in the soul. It is the manifestation of the law to the individual. Ordinarily, this internal manifestation is conformable to the external law. But there are cases where it does not conform, either because there is no law prescribing or forbidding, or because this action which now concerns me, I erroneously judge is comprehended in the law, and therefore, to be done or omitted; or, finally, the action which I am about to do is really wrong, but only lightly so—yet my conscience tells me that it is serious. All such states of conscience are erroneous. What must one do who has an erroneous conscience? Provided such a state is without fault, the individual must follow it. It should not be difficult to understand, therefore, why an act which is

light in itself, but which to ME is considered grave, would constitute a grievous sin if I deliberately did the act with this kind of conscience. It may be easier to see this question of erroneous conscience by turning it around. The same principle holds, viz., if my conscience erroneously and without any fault of mine considers a grave action as venial—then only a light sin is committed by me if I do the act with this kind of conscience. In other words—the malice of my sin is judged according to my conscience at the time I did the act. This is what St. Paul meant when he wrote; "all that is not of faith (this is performed according to the dictates of one's conscience) is sin." Rom. 14/13.

The second part of your letter is concerned not so much with the conscience of the INDIVIDUAL as with EXTERNAL LAW and the well being of society. If the activities of the so-called "modern woman" are worthy of censure in the judgment of those who have been appointed by God to "feed the flock" no one can object that "nice, innocent little girls" see no harm in them. That is the very reason of supervision on the part of spiritual shepherds. When a blind man is about to stumble (or a blind woman or girl for that matter) he should not think it an affront if some one directed him away from the danger of a fall.

If missionaries are, as you allege, using a "pretty strong line of talk" in this matter they have plenty of authority for so doing. The supreme head of the Church has on several occasions condemned the conduct of modern society, especially in the matter of women's dress. Bishops, too, have frequently reiterated the pronouncements of the Supreme Pontiff. Intelligent Catholic women, such as the National Council of Catholic Women, have launched a campaign against ultra-modern styles in the matter of dress. The complaint that since nice girls do not consider themselves guilty of grievous sin in adopting up-to-date practises—such as, a pagan manner of attire, petting parties, automobile "parties", hip toting, cabarets till 2.00 A. M. etc., is beside the point. When children do not see the danger lurking in these things it is the duty of their parents to sound a warning. What are parents for, anyway? In like manner with the clergy, who are the spiritual parents of their subjects. When they condemn modern excesses they are not meddling in affairs that do not concern them. The Lord Himself upbraided the shepherds because they acted like "dumb dogs not able to bark" Is. 56/10. If they cry out and sound a warning the blood of the victims shall not be on their hands. Ezech. 33/6.

PICTURES AND JUDGMENTS

(1) Can you explain how the pictures of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin originated? A Protestant friend said that there were no pictures taken in those

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days. Besides, he objected that the making and exhibiting of images and pictures in our churches was contrary to the first commandment. (2) Please explain the two judgments. We read that after death the body returns to the earth, and the spirit to God Who gave it. We also read that "nothing defiled shall enter" heaven. Where, then, do the wicked souls go? Some claim that there is only one judgment. If so, why do we believe that Saint Therese and other saints are in heaven?—Brooklyn.

(1) Your Protestant friend evidently meant that there were no **photographers** in the days of Christ. In that we agree with him. But there are other ways of reproducing images of persons and things, such as painting and sculpture. Such arts were practised from very ancient times. There were no photographers in the days of George Washington, yet we have many likenesses of him through the art of painting. It is generally accepted that the first portrait of Christ was found in the cemetery of Domitilla in Rome. This painting dates back to the middle of the second century. It gradually came to be regarded as the type according to which all later pictures and images were made. The Christians of the second century were sufficiently close to those who lived with Christ, or, at least, with those who were taught by the immediate disciples of the Apostles, that they could learn the general characteristics of His form and feature. This, together with what was known from the customs of those days, and the prophecy that the Messiah was to be "the most beautiful of the sons of men," was sufficient for a believer to work on in order to produce a likeness of Christ. The fact that the portrait mentioned above was imitated so generally is an indication that it met with acceptance among Christians. The first picture of the Blessed Virgin is believed to have been painted by St. Luke who was a contemporary of hers. All later paintings were modelled on this picture, more or less. Some of the more recent images of the Blessed Virgin have been made according to the descriptions given by those who were favored with a supernatural sight of her, such as the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette at Lourdes.

The objection to images is not now-a-days made by intelligent Protestants. Most of their churches have some kind of image in them, such as painted windows and carved figures on their pulpits. Those who protest that it is a violation of the first commandment of God, which forbids the making of any "graven thing," are placed in a very uncomfortable position, for the same God Who forbade "graven images" also commanded images to be made and used for religious purposes, viz., the golden cherubim (Exod. 25/18); the brazen serpent (Num. 21/8; John 3/14); and "divers figures and carvings" in the Temple of Solomon (3 Kings 6/29-35). The Ark of the Covenant received the same homage from the Jews that Catholics pay to images (Josue 7/6; 2 Kings 6). The first commandment is not an absolute prohibition, as these references show. If it were, then Protestants ought to take away every pictured window from their churches, destroy all the statues of great men, and burn all the portraits of their relatives and friends. We must never forget that a great change came over the world. In the Old Testament God was not seen with mortal eye. In order to impress upon the Jews that their God was a SPIRIT, and not a God of stone or wood, like the gods of the heathens, He forbade the making of any material image which would incline the people (always prone to idolatry) to give such an image divine honors. In the New Dispensation God "was manifest in the flesh." He became an object of the senses,—could be seen, felt, talked to, listened to.

With all reason, then, the likeness of Him can be made in order to cheer our hearts with the thought of Him throughout the years of our pilgrimage. Those who would do away such holy images do not know the human heart. Homage is paid, not to the picture or statue, but to those whom they represent.

(2) Man's earthy period of probation is over at the moment of death; "it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9/27). Our Lord Himself declared that the eternal lot of man is fixed at the hour of death in the parable of Dives and Lazarus: "and it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. And the rich man also died and was buried in hell" (Luke 16/22). The particular judgment at the moment of death has been the constant teaching of the Catholic Church. The general judgment of all mankind at the end of the world is a confirmation of the particular judgment, so that all may see how good and just have been the dealings of God with each soul. This general judgment is described in detail by our Lord Himself in St. Matthew, Chapter 25. The fact that "nothing defiled shall enter heaven" (Apoc. 21/27), together with the knowledge that very few die without some stain upon them, drives those who hold that there are but two states in the hereafter—heaven and hell—into a very awkward position. Such souls are not fit for heaven, and yet do not deserve hell. The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, or a middle state of purgation for those who are not gravely "wicked" and yet not absolutely pure, besides being revealed by God, is also a postulate of common sense. Those who die in God's friendship, but with light or venial sins on their souls, are saved—"yet so as by fire" (1 Cor. 3/15). That is, they are: "made white as snow" in that middle state, and are released when they have "paid the last farthing" (Matt. 5/25).—We know that St. Therese and other saints are in heaven because the infallible Catholic Church so declares,—a declaration arrived at after heaven had put the seal of divine approval upon her life by the enerring criterion of true miracles. She and the other saints are present only with their souls. Their bodies are here on earth. They will be reunited with their souls at the general resurrection.

GLOOMY ARTICLE

What was the upshot of "A Letter on the Old Trail" in the March issue of the Sign? It seemed such a gloomy article.

The author wishes to portray, albeit very faintly, that the former age of those whom we call "old people" was characterized by substantial things; whereas the present time is concerned more with emptiness and vanity. The upshot of the article is contained in the concluding line: "I do not say that we were always right, but I do say that we were loyal to our beliefs and to our friends, and in that respect have little to learn from the younger generation. In place of beliefs they have aspirations, in place of friends, acquaintances."

STUDENT'S DIFFICULTIES

(1) Is there any writing on the Pope's tiara? (2) Is it possible to make out "666" from such writing? (3) Where could I obtain an account of "Russellism?" (4) What sort of organization is the Mission Film Society, 237 West 14th St., New York City? (5) I have a weak voice. Would it be worth while to invest in a course of elocution?

(1) Some Popes may have their name inscribed, as Julius II. (2) Not on the part of sensible persons. (3) Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Indiana; also

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the International Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. publish accounts of this sect. (4) A society formed for the production and exhibition of Catholic films. (5) Yes, if the teacher is capable and you will to profit by his instruction. Much good can also be done on one's own initiative with the aid of a good book, such as Shoemaker's Elocution Book, published by Penn Publishing Company, Phila., Pa. Enlist the services of a sympathetic companion and ask him to point out your defects and record your progress. There is no reason to become discouraged. Satisfactory results are obtained by dint of hard work.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Where can I obtain information about the Franciscan rule? What is the price of the Life of the Saint in book form?—Newark

"The Ideals of St. Francis" by Hilarion Felder, O. M. C. (Reviewed in April Sign) is a scholarly work on the life and spirit of the saint. Price \$4.00. "The Life of St. Francis" by Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. is an excellent life. Price \$4.00. You could obtain the information you seek from one of the cheaper lives; "The Life of St. Francis" by Chalippe costs \$1.50. You can obtain this book through THE SIGN, adding 10% of price for postage.

DISCOURAGEMENT

If a person becomes discouraged after a sin is it a greater fault than the sin committed?—Iowa

Not as a rule. It all depends on the character of the sin committed, and the depth of discouragement. If a person became exceedingly despondent over a small lie, then the discouragement would be greater than the sin. If, on the other hand, a person became discouraged to a slight degree after having committed serious crimes—then the discouragement would be less than the crimes. Discouragement arises from pride.

RUBRICS

(1) Is it proper to genuflect on both knees Good Friday night before the empty tabernacle, or should one direct genuflection towards Blessed Virgin altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved? (2) Please explain why the priest after last prayer at Mass drains the chalice? Why not purify it in the usual manner?—New York.

(3) The other morning three Masses were being said at the same time. Each priest wore a vestment of a different color. Please explain the color scheme of vestments.—Union City.

(1) From Holy Thursday to Holy Saturday genuflect on one knee whenever you pass the cross of the main altar, even though the Blessed Sacrament be not there. When passing before the repository from Holy Thursday till Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, genuflect on two knees. If Blessed Sacrament is reserved in tabernacle of side altar, genuflect on one knee when passing. (2) The circumstances indicate that the priest was to say another Mass. In such a case he must remain fasting; therefore, he does not purify the chalice in the usual way,—that is, take wine and water into the chalice and afterwards consume them, for this would break the Eucharistic fast. When a priest says two Masses in different places (as seems to be the case here) the rubrics prescribe that after the last gospel he uncover the chalice and drain it carefully, so that nothing of the Precious Blood remains. Then he purifies the chalice with water, and pours the contents into a

specially prepared vase. The chalice can then be taken to another church for the second Mass. The interval between the priest's communion and the last gospel allows the remains of the Precious Blood to collect again, if any remains after the communion. He is thus able to consume the sacrifice entirely.

(3) Feast days are of various ranks. On the greater feasts, such as the Solemnity of St. Joseph, all Masses must be said in the color of the feast—white. On feasts of inferior rank the priest is free to say the Mass of the day, or one of his own choice. If he chooses to say one of his own choice (called a "votive Mass") he uses colored vest—agreeable to the quality of Mass; such as, black for requiem Masses, white for Masses of Blessed Virgin, red for Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, etc. Hence, the variety.

TAXES AND PROMISES

(1) A Catholic who marries a non-Catholic requires a special dispensation from a bishop. Is there a minimum price, such as \$25.00, or do you give according to your means. Also who benefits by the money received? (2) Why can't a priest take the word of a non-Catholic that any children he may have will be brought in the Catholic faith. Why must he have the written agreement?—Brooklyn.

(1) An offering is usually made to the diocesan chancery on the occasion of a dispensation from the Church's law. The amount is established by custom. As a rule the offering is \$5.00. Those who are really poor may obtain the favor gratis. This money goes for the maintenance of the chancery office. (2) Because this is the usual practice of the Church. Non-Catholics may easily forget or deny verbal agreements. The written promise is a sign of sincerity and a pledge of future fulfillment. For serious reasons a bishop may permit a verbal agreement when he is morally certain that the promises will be fulfilled.

BUNK

I am inclosing a leaflet—The Haldeman-Julius Monthly, published at Girard, Kansas. Would you kindly inform me if Joseph McCabe is really a priest. He is now "exposing" the Catholic Church in the pages of this magazine—New York

Unfortunately, Joseph McCabe is a renegade priest. It is sad but true—and "sad 'tis true." Despite the fact that he has been triumphantly refuted times without number, he still manages to find employment. The Haldeman-Julius Company is his most recent employer. The "Monthly" is another literary buzzard which batters on carrion. It is leveling its pop-guns at the Gibraltar of the Catholic Church. Of course, there is imminent danger of its demolition. You should not be surprised that a clergyman should fall from grace. There was a traitor among the "twelve."

RADIO SERVICES

Sometime ago you answered that it was alright to listen in on Protestant services over the radio. In the April number of Extension the answer was given that it was wrong for Catholics to listen to services from Protestant churches. Which answer is to be followed—N. J.

In the March SIGN we answered that it was generally lawful to listen in on Protestant services and sermons over the radio. But after maturer consideration we incline to the opinion of Extension—that Catholics should not listen to Protestant services, especially sermons, over the radio.

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SAINT JUDE

Kindly give me the following information if possible: The life and history of St. Jude, and the history of the devotion in his honor. Also what the devotion consists in.—Worcester, Mass.

If you write to Saint Louis Shrine, 8th and Walnut Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, I am sure that they would favor you with a full account of the origin and nature of this devotion.

To N. N., Paterson, N. J.

There is another Congregation which specializes in nursing—The Nursing Order of St. Camillus, which is made up of priests and brothers. They are located at St. Camillus Monastery, 607 Twenty-first Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

THANKSGIVINGS

I asked a favor through St. Jude, after reading about him in your magazine, and it was granted. If a story which I am writing is accepted, through the intercession of St. Jude, I promise an offering to the Chinese missions.—New York City.

I wish to publish my thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady, and St. Therese for the relief of a friend who was suffering from a very bad attack of asthma.—Massachusetts.

Please publish my grateful thanks to our Lord and St. Francis Xavier for the cure of a very painful sore obtained through the Novena of Grace.—West Philadelphia, Pa.

A SUGGESTION

Editor of THE SIGN:

Am enclosing herewith check for \$10.00 for the Passionist Chinese Missions.

Am today starting on a new check book as you will note by the number of my check, and as the first check in each book goes for charity, the Missions get it.

Have been following this custom for several years. Possibly it would be worth your while to pass the idea along to your many business friends. It might bring some nice returns for the Missions, which seem to always need financial help so badly.—A. A. W., Pittsburg, Pa.

A GRATEFUL PRIEST

Editor of THE SIGN:

Will you kindly aid us in fulfilling a most pleasing duty of thanksgiving in honor of The Little Flower of Jesus. Our Bishop gave us an old small frame church. Money was needed to move it to our parish premises, to enlarge and improve it, that it might be less unsuitable for offering the Most Holy Sacrifice. We are a small congregation of Negro converts, and too little blessed in the good things of this world to meet such heavy outlays. Privately and at every church service, we begged the Little Flower to plead for us before the throne of Divine Mercy. Thanks to her intercession, enough of favorable answers to our begging letter were received to meet all the outlays for moving, enlarging and beautifying our Holy Cross Church for the Negroes of Corpus Christi, Texas! We are so delighted with our pretty church, and so proud over the generous response of our white brethren in the Faith, and so thankful to God for this fresh scattering of flowers from heaven in answer to the pleading of Little St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, that we wish the whole world to know how we have been favored. Will you oblige us by publishing this grateful acknowledgment of favors received.

Yours sincerely

(Rev.) Mark Moeslein, C. P. Rector
Holy Cross Church, Corpus Christi, Texas

"A FREE BELIEVERS' VICTORY"

Editor of THE SIGN:

I have just come across a plea for tolerance from another quarter in the *Record of Philadelphia*. Commenting on the decision of Supreme Court Justice Ellis J. Staley by which children of New York State may be legally excused from school for thirty minutes of religious instruction every week, the editorial writer says:

"If a parent possesses any right at all he has a right to control the religious instruction of his child. In the Oregon school case, where the attempt was made to wipe out all schools not supported by taxation, the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed this right of the parent in the most explicit terms, and it seems a piece of bigotry for the Free-thinkers to seek to prevent it. Of course, the parents in White Plains might have their children instructed in religion at hours different from those of the public schools, but, on the other hand, why should they? The religious instruction can't be given in the public schools, but why should not the Catholic or the Presbyterian children be dismissed for half an hour to receive such religious instruction as their parents prefer? Only a Freethinker could think of any reason. It seems to be as easy for persons of no religion as for those who have one to be intolerant."

It might be well to call your Readers' attention to the fact that the liberal-minded Freethinkers are not quite so immune from ignorance and bigotry as they would have us believe.—E. J. J., Camden, New Jersey.

A NON-CATHOLIC'S CHARITY AND COMMENTS

Editor of THE SIGN:

Today I received your appeal for the famine sufferers in China. I take pleasure in sending you herewith twenty dollars.

My husband and I are not Catholics. Until the war came we were members of the Episcopal Church and our religion meant very much to us. When the war came all Protestant Churches became temples of war; and only in the Catholic Church could our Lord have found a welcome. We have been twice in China and I feel that the Catholic Missions are on a more spiritual, a more consecrated basis than any of the Protestant Missions.

I do not believe that married Missionaries can be as entirely consecrated as celibates. The claim of family and children must always interfere with the entire dedication of the whole life to Missionary Service. So I send our small offering "not grudgingly nor of necessity," as St. Paul says, but as "a cheerful giver."

Will you remember in your prayers Mr. and Mrs. John L. Stoddard, now living in Meran, Italy? They are giving their lives, their money and their hearts and health to protecting the devout Tyrolese in the midst of terrible persecution now going on in Tyrol. They have built and endowed a home for girls under the direction of the Sisters of St. Elizabeth, and a parish house for boys and girls in the care of the Parish Priests. Their hearts are heavy because of the cruelty and oppression they see all about them. They are no longer young; and life is sad because of the evils by which they are surrounded. Pray for them that their souls may be strengthened and their hearts filled with spiritual comfort.—Mrs. P. M., Boston, Mass.

Editorial Note: Mr. John J. Stoddard, distinguished American lecturer, is a convert. He is the author of "Rebuilding A Lost Faith"—a splendid book to be given to non-Catholics.

Rags

Homely Spiritual Number Twelve

By REV. HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.



THINK the rag-man could preach a very fine sermon if he wanted to. He does preach anyhow in spite of himself. "Rags and bones! Rags and bones!" He is like a prophet announcing the end of the world, for whether you like it or not, he is telling you what you are bound to come to, and very soon at that—rags and bones; rags for your well-cared-for raiment, and bones for your pampered body. For the grave is the final rag-bag for us all. But the rag-man could develop at great length this text of "Rags and bones." I presume that his rag-sorters do, albeit subconsciously, as the bits go through their fingers, drab bits and colorful bits like the scraps in the kaleidoscope.

I remember that when we were children it was great fun, and romance as well, as we lolled in bed of a morning to try to identify the little squares in the patchwork quilt. This little square of sprigged calico was a remnant of the blouse we wore two years ago—what a long, long time ago!—this a bit of mother's dress, this a bit like the blouse that Jimmy wore just before he died, those three eternal years ago, and lo, this bit of yellow silk queening it over all the calico patches, where could that have come from? Working people did not have any silk in those days except the black silk dress that did service for years and was far too valuable to be used for patch-work; so that bit of yellow silk must have come in some way from one of the rich ladies of the town. But wherever it came from, it gave a thrill of poetry to the prosy calico quilt, as if it contained all the romance of China, for didn't we read in our geography that silk came from China, and surely it must be worth at least a hundred dollars a yard.

And so that old quilt made of patches—it were a crime to say it was made of rags—was a never-finished picture book to which we added our own text. Long ages ago those old quilts went to some itinerant rag-man for a few cents, but somehow they are still existing for me, glorified in some fairy land like a magic carpet of bagdad.

Mayhap, I say, similar dreams are dreamed by the rag-sorters as they pick and choose from the rag-man's store of discarded finery. They touch the garment's hem of many a gown of destiny, and

had they second sight they could weave or patch from the refuse pile tragedy and comedy alike. But, perhaps, they see only the tragedy, for there is something of tragedy in recalling past comedy, the laughter that has gone on the wind leaving but sighs for echo. Rags are rags whether of silk or cotton, and the royal robe her Highness wore makes no better dust than the cheap gown of her scullery-maid.

THEREIN lies the philosophy of rags: however high or low the position in life at the start they all finish in the same jumble in the same old rag-bag. The man who invented the slang expression "glad rags" never thought much about the philosophy of rags, new or old, as if any rags that knew what they are coming to could be glad, or as if, indeed, any man who knew what he is coming to could take delight in the momentary beauty of his plumage. "And for raiment why are ye solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field."

What poor rags the raiment of Solomon in all his glory must have seemed to Him Who clothed the flowers of the field. What bedraggled things are the clothes of kings when they are fit for the rag-bag. Their ultimate ending but emphasizes the glory that once was theirs, and the folly of it. Not that there is an essential virtue in tattered garments. The poor maidens in the fairy books are generally discovered in rags when Prince Charming comes seeking a royal mate. To be virtuous she had to be in rags. Nobody would be so unromantic as to suggest that one mark of her virtue would be to learn how to use the needle and thread to sew up her tatters; but then romance was never utilitarian. Fairy stories may begin with rags but it is bad taste to end with them. Cinderella fades from our vision in her gorgeous gown. Romance will not let us follow things to the end and see that same gown at a later day sold to the royal rag-man. There are no rag endings for virtuous people in romance—any more than in religion. Rags in romance are only for wicked step-mothers and blood-thirsty giants. But romance is not necessarily life. There one may choose his own company and keep unpleasant things away; here, even if you close your windows you cannot keep out the warning cry of the rag-man—"Rags and bones! Rags and bones!"

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And come to think of it, what a part is played in the history of the world by the pursuit of the material for which the rag-man is waiting. Hardly a pleasant thing to think about. When we were children our naughtiness was curbed by the threat of our elders to give us to the rag-man. That atavistic fear persists when we get older. We are still afraid of the rag-man and we try to be brave by putting him out of our mind and hiding our head under the bed-clothes. But the world would have a sweeter story to tell if men had thought a bit more about the coming of the same rag-man with his dark, bottomless bag.

The ache to strut about, peacock-like, in velvet and ermine has dyed red with blood many a rag. Lady Macbeth was not satisfied with her velvet robes; she wanted a little ermine trimming on it. What harm if she tore her soul into tatters in order to have the feel of that ermine about her. I often wonder how the virgin queen Elizabeth stomachached that reminder of the manner in which she sold her own soul through fear that her royal train was going to be cut short a bit. It was mighty luck for a multitude of the kings and queens that they had such fine garments; they were the only royal things about them.

We are informed that clothes do not make the man, but surely a lot of the royalties passed for men and women because of the skill of their tailors and modistes. They could look in the glass and even fancy themselves great because of the silk and velvet and ermine, and then forget what manner of beings they were; whereas under all the peacocky glory there was not a real rag or shred of decency. It surely was a miracle when Jeanne d'Arc was able to pick out Charles as the king in spite of his fine raiment—a sorry king, indeed. And Jeanne's insight or miraculous power would be needed to discover the royalty of many of the earth's bedizened great. But it is hardly fair to single out the kings and queens and heap all the odium upon them.

IT is always easy to moralize about the past. It eases our own conscience. Of course we are better and wiser today. We refuse to think that we value life at the price of what is on its way to the rag-bag. But there are still women who sell their souls for the chance to wear fine clothes for a few weeks before the rag-man comes to collect them; and there are still men who scheme and plunder and ignore the true things of life, and blast their souls in order that they may not fall from the position where careful grooming is the sign of their station in life.

But the days go by, and even the finest garments

wear out, fall to pieces, drop from their bones and leave them in their nakedness, unprovided with the necessary wedding-garment that in the days of their plenty they had scorned to bargain for. Even the wooden overcoat provided to every man for his long journey is not guaranteed. Nakedness at the beginning of life and nakedness at the end, and all else goes into the rag-bag.

YET there are rags and rags. There have been rags that have been far more glorious than the golden fleece. The camel's hair smock of John the Baptist was a vile court dress for him to wear into the very presence of the regal Herodias, but it has been transformed into a cloak of cloth of gold, while the Tyrian-dyed purple of Herodias would not be picked up by a self-respecting rag-picker. The purple rag that the humorous soldiers threw about the shoulders of Jesus Christ to have their little joke at His claimed kingship, and the white robe of the fool that Herod Antipas decked Him with have been woven into a celestial seamless garment, while Pilate's and Herod's soft garments were ages ago the food of moths even in the houses of kings. The patched smock of Joseph the Carpenter is renovated now and bears a golden border. The coarse serge which Francis of Assisi donned in order to wed his Lady Poverty the day he threw into the rag-bag the silken doublet and hose of the gay young blade is now discovered to have been celestial samite all the while. The standard that Jeanne d'Arc carried may have been cast aside as a dirty rag the day she went to her doom, but the angels too are sometimes rag-pickers, and I am sure that the recovered banner is now waving gently in the fair winds of Heaven.

Men are not always good judges of values. Sometimes the things they throw out to the rag-man are discovered by connoisseurs to be worth their weight in gold. The saints were pretty good connoisseurs at that. They knew materials—just because they knew spirituals. They did not bother much with the finery for which the rag-man was already bargaining for with his rag-bag gaping at his side. The only thing that concerned them in the line of clothes was the wedding-garment. They would never qualify as modistes or tailors, but they had the knack of choosing durable stuffs for their robes, and sack-cloth was always the choice.

Sackcloths and hair-shirts would never get them into a fashion show even though they are exclusive models, but they who choose them are in a fair way to escape the destiny of the rag-bag. Anyway they are gowned to suit the occasion, for it would be very bad form to come in silk and velvet to a

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court where the King wears only a purple rag. They are content to leave it to the Master of the house to provide the finery. They "consider the lilies." Lazarus was not much of a fashion plate, but I am sure that Dives if he had another chance

would throw his rich raiment into the rag-bag and plead with the beggar of the crumbs that fell from his table for one of his poor rags, rags to the world, but to God the weave which the Paradisal looms turn out for the making of wedding-garments.

The Debate

Discovering the Deterrent Quality of Fear

By ETHEL KING



JOHN Norwood desired privacy and quiet that warm evening in early September. So, he traveled up to his closed house on the Drive. As he let himself in he carefully shut behind him the outer board door as well as the hall door. An electric pocket flash served to light him up the wide stair-case to a room on the second floor rear, his study he termed it. Here he switched on a mellow lamp near his desk. Then raising one of the windows he breathed gratefully the fragrant breezes from the Drive that blew in on him, dispelling the stuffy atmosphere of the room.

A moment or two he stood looking out into the back yards of the houses about him, most of them silent, dim. Then he lowered the window halfway and pulled down the opaque green shade. He did not want anyone to know he was in town that night. He did not want to be bothered by reporters and busybodies and all the tribe that ever follows in the wake of a man who walks, however modestly, in the glare of publicity. Let them think he was down with his wife at their country place in Rumson.

He hoped that even the watchman on his nocturnal rounds had not noticed his entrance. If he did, the man would surely be rapping for admittance, anxious to tell him about the petty thefts he had reported,—a bronze knocker from the side door, the electric light fixture over the service entrance. Norwood had meant to note these losses but he forgot, so anxious had he been to get in unobserved and at work on his speech.

He really must take a good look through the house that night before he left. He did not believe he would sleep in there. No, he thought, the club,

would be better. The house would need a good airing before it would be habitable, shut up as it had been all summer. Yes, he would make a thorough search before he left, to see if all was right. As far as he had heard the thief or thieves or whoever it might be that had been abstracting bits of the outside hardware furnishings of his home had not as yet broken in. He opened one of the side drawers of his desk and nodded with satisfaction at the sight of the revolver lying in its accustomed place. Alone, in a big empty house, it was a handy thing to have about one.

He closed the drawer hastily. Ah, well, now he could get to work. That's what he wanted to do! He dropped into the chair at his desk and with much eagerness drew out of his pocket a handful of yellow paper sheets. These were his notes, his ideas for the big debate at the Town Hall the next night, the debate on Capital Punishment that had been heralded by all the newspapers for days.

He poured over these papers, jotting down new thought that occurred to him, clarifying some portions that might not be quite clear to everyone. He was so anxious to make this a great piece of work, a compelling and convincing argument against the death penalty. For two years now he had devoted all his spare time to the process of dinning into the consciousness of people in general the absurdity and the ghastly wrong that lay behind the legalized idea of an eye for an eye.

HE was succeeding, he told himself firmly. Why, he was pointed out now on the streets. His name was getting to be a household word. Of course even before he had taken the subject up he had not been a wholly unknown individual. No active vice-president of a great corporation could be that exactly. But, aside from anything he might be or have achieved as a man, it was the recognition

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of his ideal that thrilled him. Sitting there in the chair before his desk a feeling full of graciousness and comfort stole over him. He was doing something for humanity. He was helping to open the eyes of the world....

How proud Alice was of him. What a pity she would not be able to hear the debate. But she had been poorly all summer and the city was still too hot for her. However he would tell her all about it the next day and she would read the newspaper accounts, his sweet Alice who had stood behind his every move these twenty-nine cherished years of their marriage. He was sure he could rout his opponent, that smug little judge with his outworn ideas of inhuman revenge and justice.

Norwood had already brought many over to the modern way of reasoning that murder was always unlawful whether done by the individual or by the state. And now...to-morrow night he would sway that mass of people in the Town Hall. Soon the death penalty would be done away with. And he would have a hand in bringing this to pass! Why, this would be epochal...why...Suddenly he realized he was growing fatuous over the part he was taking in the movement. Shamed, he tried to stifle this vain human weakness and then with a rush of humiliation a memory arose before him wiping out most of the traces of egotism...

HE remembered a morning two years before when he had first awakened to something approximating a realization of what the electric chair meant. He had stayed up at a golf club over night during a tournament and while there he had met an old acquaintance, a lawyer, who had offered to drive him down in the morning, warning him it would have to be very early as he wanted to stop at Ossining, at the death house. There was to be an execution there and he had to attend to some matters connected with it.

Norwood recalled the early ride that spring morning,—the country all about still, the air redolent of the soft earth, the greenness of the landscape, a triumphant sun breaking through a quiet sky...and then they entered the prison walls and a beautiful world had been obliterated.

They did not stay there over half an hour. While his friend, Carter, had gone about his business some of the attendants had shown him around. It was all quite terrible to Norwood coming in out of the freshness of a burgeoning spring to this house of imminent death and to find those in charge taking all so much as a matter of course.

Before they hurried off he caught a glimpse of the death chamber itself...the starkness of it...the grim chair...

He stumbled out after Carter and got into the car, cold, shaking, thoroughly unmanned. Carter told him something of the unfortunate one about to die,—an obscure case, a wife-murderer protesting his innocence to the end.

Norwood thought with sickening dismay that the chair had claimed many victims who declared themselves guiltless...The rack, the rope, the guillotine...and now this refinement of cruelty, the electric chair...Good Heavens, for man to put himself in the place of God Who had proclaimed, "Vengeance is Mine!"

From that time on Norwood dedicated himself to the defeat of this horrible thing. To this cause he had given his best as he did to everything he had ever undertaken; as he had done as he worked his way through the little Indiana college and all the steep steps up the business ladder. He was not a wealthy man now, but he drew an enormous salary. For two years he had spent time and money and strength to the end that what he called the barbarity of the dark ages be destroyed.

He was going over all these experiences in his mind as he sat by his desk, sometimes, it must be admitted, with a tinge of conceited satisfaction but for the most part, he hoped, his interest was a fine and worthy one. All alert he was anticipating the probable objections of his antagonist. Why, he would brush them all aside. They were so futile...so...

SUDDENLY his attention was torn from these urgent thoughts and brought to his present surroundings. There were sounds in that empty house where no sounds ought to be. Downstairs. Suspicious sounds. Sounds that an over cautious person might make...He took the revolver out of the drawer, slipped it into his pocket. In the hall he listened again. Yes, there was someone below, in the back. He crept down the rear stairway and through the butler's pantry. Very softly he pushed open the door into the dining room and as his sharp gray eyes narrowed he took in the fact that the shutters on one of the windows had been unlatched and the window raised.

In the patch of light that poured through this window he could make out the shape of a man over by the sideboard that held the silverware. Norwood's sense of fearfulness gave place to a hot indignation and stretching out his hand he touched the electric button near him. As the soft light flashed out over the room the intruder turned with a smothered gasp.

Norwood took a step backward. "So it's you, Danny Rogers!" he said and there was distress and

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discouragement in his voice. Danny Rogers was the worthless nephew of a trusted old cook who had died in service. Norwood had helped him time and again. He had been working about the house until he disappeared one day the previous May. And now...

"Danny Rogers," he said again, "Is this what you've come to be, a sneak thief!"

Danny pulled his cap further down over his face. He lowered his head and rushed toward the older man. For an instant, amazed, Norwood watched his coming. What was the fellow up to? Did he mean to escape past him out the door? Good Heavens! No! For now Danny was on him and the impact threw them both flat. Now Danny was over him, pounding him. Anger, self-preservation, pain—all mingled together to give power to the man on the floor. His arm shot up full into Danny's mean crafty face and it sent him reeling back. He staggered dizzily about. Norwood jerked his own big frame up from the ground. Both were panting.

"You!" began Norwood. Then he stopped short, for the miserable Danny was advancing on him again, holding aloft a small wooden bench he had picked up.

There was just one thing to do now, Norwood knew, just one thing. And quickly too! Get that revolver out of his pocket... There it was. Now to point it at that murderer sweeping on him. He'd fix him! He'd fix him!

"Drop that gun, you fool! Do you want to go to the electric chair?" Norwood heard these strained harsh words from Danny Rogers, who was still grasping the wooden bench, his watchful eyes blood-shot. A tremor passed through Norwood. He tried to keep his pistol trained on the other, but he couldn't. There was no rigor any more to his arm slowly he let it drop and he put the weapon into his pocket.

From Danny's hands fell the bench. The men stood eyeing each other. But what Norwood really saw out of a horrible grayness was the death chamber, that chair... its head piece...

Now he had to strive to listen, for the other was talking. Yes, it was Danny Rogers talking. He was back in character again, the old whining Danny. "Honest, Mr. Norwood, you scared me stiff. I... I knew you had so much... I wanted to pick up something, a piece of silver maybe to get money to go back... to Connecticut..."

"Connecticut?" His listener queried faintly. He was yet in a daze from the shock and the beating and most of all from Danny's words about... the chair.

"Yes. I... I want to get back to Connecticut. I've been working on a farm up there... the city's no place for me..." His words trailed off. He looked drawn and pinched and much older than his twenty-seven years.

NORWOOD felt that he too must come to facts, assume his familiar role of protector again. He took a bill from his pocket and held it out. Danny reached over and snatched it greedily.

"You... you will go back to Connecticut and try to lead an honest life?"

Danny agreed, "You bet I will." He was turning to slip out of the window but Norwood stopped him and made him go with him to the hall door. He hurried him along anxious to be rid of him, and Danny seemed as eager to be gone. Norwood's stupor was lifting and in its place came a feverish activity of mind.

Before he closed the door he spoke out sharply, "Danny, if I had shot you, killed you... you know I wouldn't have gone to the chair. It would have been in self-defense!"

Danny buttoned up his shabby coat. His mouth drew down with bitterness. "Yes, you'd a got off because you're one of the big guns. But me! If I'd crooked a man no matter for what reason, I'd have to pay for it!"

"But, but you *meant* to kill me. You came at me with that wooden stool, murder in your eye."

"Aw, no! I only meant to hit you. Knock you out till I got away. I was afraid you'd call the watchman and hand me over to the cops."

Norwood was so insistent. He was holding Danny by his coat sleeve. "Then... then you'd *hesitate* at... murder?"

"Sure! I'm not armed. Look at my pockets." He pulled them out, torn and empty. "Say, take it from me, not many of us fellers that slip into houses to pick things up want to do murder. We don't want to go to the chair."

Along the street rose laughter and talk. A group of people were walking up. Danny broke off and fled down the stoop and over into the darkness of the shubbery on the other side of the Drive.

Norwood went in and closed the doors after him, but not with such caution as earlier in the evening. He was no longer anxious to get to his speech. He stepped into the dining room and fixed the shutter and the window Danny Rogers had undone. Then he passed up the stairs into his study.

There he removed the pistol from his pocket and placed it away in the drawer. He paced the floor. Such a bewildered feeling as he had. Of course he had been through a wild strange night. He was

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trembling all over with excitement and uncertainty. And in the background of his consciousness hovered a sense of something harrowing.

Danny Rogers' words about stopping at murder because he feared the chair... Others feared it too... Norwood stood still in the middle of the room. He threw up his hands to his eyes as though the light were too much for them. Good Heavens! *He* was horribly afraid of that dread chair *himself*!...

Why, why that was the reason he'd been writing and talking and fighting it so!... And he hadn't known it before!... He thought he was just being humane... Well, he was, too, in a degree. But now he realized that the basic reason for all his struggles was man's primitive rebellion against paying the price, such a frightful price...

To-night of course he hadn't intended to do murder, he didn't think... And yet who could tell what he might have been driven to? Then the very words, "the electric chair," had weakened his arm and his purpose...

SURELY then his opponents were right. The death penalty *did* deter some, many perhaps, who were premeditating murder. Then they were right... How was it he hadn't believed them before. Would he be the same after the ferment of the night had subsided? Would he be in his old firm state of mind? No, no, he was convinced he would never feel the same again.

He commenced once more his slow pacing, but his legs tottered. He slumped into his chair at the desk. How he wished he were down with Alice so he could talk things over with her. She would understand. But would the world? Wouldn't it think him a maudlin old fool to change his set ideas all of a sudden?

His gray eyes, not sharp and alert any more, but misty and tired, fell on the yellow papers before him that he had worked on these many days. The debate the next night! Oh, he couldn't go through with that! He couldn't! He didn't believe that way any more...

He'd call them up in the morning and tell them he wasn't well. No, not that either. Sheer cowardice that... Oh, well, he'd go on with the debate. Why, you didn't have to believe what you said. You were simply taking one side of the question, bringing your opponent out... But, God, this debate was a serious matter. He'd possibly be influencing men to their ruin...

What should he do? Murder was monstrous... Yet something even more ghastly was needed to offset it... And that was, yes, the terrible forfeit... He put his face down in his hands. He felt weary

and sick and old. Were his opponents right?... Was there such a thing as *salutary* fear?

At length he raised his head. He had reached a decision. He would go to the Town Hall the next evening and there he would tell the audience what he had been through. What had changed his mind and heart. That would be honest. Confession was hard. It was humiliating to confess yourself wrong. But... well... He took up the sheets of paper and shaking them into a flat little pile tore them twice and thrice across and threw the fluttering bits into the waste basket beside him.

Roses of Heaven

"After my death I will let fall a shower of roses."—Soeur Terèse

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

In Heaven's shining fields of flowers,
Where angels tend each mystic tree,
She garners roses, and she showers
Them unto earth all joyously.
Out sainted hands that move to bless
Drift roses, roses from above,
A fragrant rain of holiness,
Spilled from the very fount of love.

Roses, roses through the skies
Come to cheer the sorrowful heart,
To gladden lifted, yearning eyes,
To light the myriad ways, apart,
Where troubled wanderers repine
And eager pilgrims strive alone—
And lo! the hope that is divine
Leaps like a flame where she has striven!

O white, white blossoms of the pure,
O purple flowers of royalty,
O roses of Heaven that shall endure
When earth's poor blooms all dead shall be,
Your radiance outshines the stars,
Your beauty is of the sacrificed—
Of love that suffers whips and scars—
It is the pale and crimsoned Christ!

Eucharistic Ode

In Commemoration of the Eucharistic Congress, Chicago, June, 20-24, 1926

By J. CORSON MILLER

PRELUDE

The wounded hearts of Eden's flowers are
weeping.
To-night the lonely Keeper of the Garden
goes
Slow-footed—wan—with eyes too sad for
sleeping,
Along the dew-showered ways of vine and rose.
Noon heard His thunder of words; now echoing
Anew against His thought, He beats His breast,
As one impatient with Himself, then straighten-
ing,
He stares with brooding eyes into the West.
But, look! He signals for an angel, who writes
in fire
Words that can make or break the chain of
time—
A sentence, yet a pardon, for Love's desire,
Pitted 'gainst Law, wins victory sublime.

ODE

Creation's King yet Beggar-Babe of Pain,
Starred with infinity, 'twas Bethlehem's Star
Directed Poor and Rich from near and far
To Thy strange Crib, but not on errand vain.
Boy that was Man, and Man that was a God,
Master and Mentor of Life in the flesh and
the soul,
Adown from Thee the billows of learning roll,
The bells of blessedness toll,
Summoning men from the mire, the mist and
the sod;
Thy words could burgeon like blossoms from
Jesse's Rod—
O Eyes of Kindness! Eyes indued with mirth
Of mystic might! O Keeper of the gates of
earth,
O Holy Name,
That, spoken, cleans the sinner's soul of shame!
"I am the Way, the Life, I am the Truth,
I give Myself for man's immortal youth,"
Thou saidst, and, lo, the night of parting came—
The Breaking of the Bread in the darkened hall,
The drinking of the Wine, ere carnival
Of death began; and Thou wast sad withal.

Upon the threshold of that yawning brink
Of rank ignominy—of pain and loss—
And Sacrifice supreme upon the Cross,
Thou gavest Thy Flesh to eat, Thy Blood to
drink;
From Creator to creature—from the Potter to
the Clay,
No breaking of the mold,
Only the love in-breathed to the Judgment Day,
Only the Heart that harkened back to the night
In the lonely Garden; only the Arms flung wide
From God to Man, who fell in his foolish pride.
*My Body, indeed, is Food, and My Blood is
drink, indeed,*
Lo, out of each vein the Heart Divine must
bleed!
Never, O never,
Amid the flotsam and jetsam of the sinister
years,
In all the leprous wars of the hemispheres,
Has thy love failed to fall, like Spring-sweet
rain,
From Thy great Heart to hearts of men amain,
Leavening the welter of sickness, pain and woe
The centuries have known, and still must know.

Lord, let me be Thy small mouthpiece of song,
Simple, yet strong,
To herald Thy praise in these tempestuous
days—
When as men gather in myriads in Thy dear
Name—
To raise Thy banner anew like a guidon of
flame—
In that proud City of Thy people by the inland
sea,
O, let me be
The rapturous, yet reverential one
To paint Thy love in letters like the leaves of
the sun—
High—high, aloft—above night's hyacinth-
strand,
As Thy staunch devotees go hand in hand,
In ways Thou wouldst call *good*,
For laureling of minds with *Brotherhood*.
O, let these words of mine, like feathers up-
swirled
Stream far with speed of comet-lights uncurled,

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Across the darkening dusk of the City of the
West—

Yes, this were best:

That all men's hearts of all the world might
turn

For one brief day, and in Thy ecstasy burn;
So burning hearts might move all tongues to sing
Thy deathless love for men, O deathless King!

POSTLUDE

The flowers and trees of Eden are straight and
trim,

Perpetual dawn caresses them to gold;

The Gardener walks—an Angel walks with
Him,

Just as on that lone Eden night of old.

*"My children on earth remember; it is well,
Their hearts are good, they meet My love with
love;*

*Wherefore My hand shall bless them, and I tell
Thee, Angel, by the wish of My Father above,*

*Whose word is Law in the universe of life,
There shall be high rejoicing in heaven this hour,
And Lucifer shall be weakened in the strife,
'Gainst men; and I shall meet his power with
power.*

*Amen! I died that men might live, I give
To them forever immortal Bread and Wine,
That they may nevermore be fugitive—
One Fold—one Shepherd, for all men I call
Mine."*



THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS M. O'LEARY AND CLERGY ASSEMBLED FOR THE DEDICATION SERVICES OF THE NEW PASSIONIST MONASTERY AT WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS. THE MONASTERY IS DEDICATED TO OUR LADY OF SORROWS. IT HAS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SIXTY RELIGIOUS. THE NOVITIATE OF THE PASSIONISTS OF THE EASTERN STATES HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO WEST SPRINGFIELD. CONNECTED WITH THE NEW MONASTERY IS THE BISHOP O'LEARY LAYMEN'S RETREAT-HOUSE WITH ACCOMMODATIONS FOR MORE THAN FORTY RETREATANTS.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

EDITED by N. M. LAW

AN EVANGELICAL ZACCHEUS

Rev. J. T. Butler, of the *Central American Mission*, discovers a modern Stylite with remarkable lungs. Incidentally, pity the poor Romish priest!

I found him up in a big tree fully sixty feet above the ground preaching about Zaccheus in the tree. I listened and looked. There he was, barefooted and bareheaded, standing on two small limbs away up in the top of the tree. This is his regular preaching place. He goes up there every Sunday morning and can be heard a mile away... He preaches, sings and prays... On Sunday night I baptized a woman who lives near the tree and she testifies that his preaching and praying was used of God to convince her of her need of a Savior. She said that his praying for his enemies was a new thing to her. On Monday night I baptized a man and his son and a daughter who live a mile or more away from the town. They say they can hear him preaching from where they live. I say amen, now, to his preaching up in the tree. He said he had been shot at a time or two while he was up there. The woman I baptized on Sunday night told me that the priest had warned the people not to sit in their doors and listen to that fellow up in the tree or they would be dealt with by the church for doing it. It seems that people are listening to him in a way to alarm the Romish priest.

THEIR LITTLE WAY

Girls who smoke, a wise boy does not really react to your deliberate efforts to be chic. And no one believes you get any kick out of a cigarette beyond your poise and blowing the smoke. Witness the *Dearborn Independent*:

Women in these United States do not smoke with very much grace. A European said: "American women are cigaret wasters."

When we innocently asked him what he meant, he said, "They don't really enjoy cigarets. They don't inhale them down deep into their lungs as if they tasted good. They nibble at them. They waste good cigarets. American women never will be able to smoke cigarets with any great naturalness or any great joy."

We don't think they will, either.

Our European knows exactly what he is talking about, because his women smoke naturally. Ours do not. It is still "A little way we have."

IN FLORIDA

A rooter for Key West does not want the Upper Crust to invade that town. His notion of them is recorded in that gay hebdomadal, the *New Yorkers*:

They sit around the lobby after dinner, en masse, the provincial noblesse of Grand Rapids and Kansas City, of Rochester and New Britain and East Liverpool; with glossy shirt fronts and smoldering Coronas,

their women overdressed and underclad, displaying ... acres of dinner rings; all centered, like the flower beds in a formal garden, around a piano of ivory paint and gilden scrollwork and Watteauesque designs, a piano which, said a young woman endowed with insight, looks like any of the guests.

Here, in effect, is the true Upper Crust; the Best People of the thousand cities that make up the real America, the continental United States to which New York, as much as London, is only a city on an island in the Atlantic. Here they are; they swim at the Casino and look at each other; they play golf and look at each other; after dinner they sit around the Poinciana lobby and look at each other until it is time to go up the street and buy roulette chips and look at each other some more. Let them look at each other, by all means; no constitutional amendment prohibits it.

EXIT MATERIALISM

Old truths which may compel reflection the more because they have the sanction of Harper's:

Materialism—says a current writer—is bankrupt as a practical philosophy of conduct. In its practical working it is not a philosophical theory but a habit of mind. Its effects are always disastrous because it reduces morality to convention. It always degenerates into Epicureanism and regards Religion as a dope for the masses in the interests of property. It removes God from the world, makes the human will the only arbiter of conduct, exalts selfishness (enlightened or otherwise) as the only rule of life, and the logical result never fails to work out in conflicts and the dominance of brute force. It was so in Greece, in Rome and in Judaea, and there are plenty of modern examples of the same sequences, both international and social. This ignoring of the actual and inevitable result of the Law of Spiritual Consequences, which is the real governance of God, is exceedingly common at the present day. Whole classes in every nation act as though God were a negligible quantity. It is this forgetfulness which moved the warnings of the Hebrew prophets, and it invariably works out in national disaster just because the moral law is as much a part of the constitution of the universe as gravitation.

WASHING LATIN-AMERICANS

Why need the sects continue to mystify the benighted Latin-Americans with their discordant message concerning the sacrament of baptism? Baptism or its valid administration is only a "minor matter" in a Presbyterian missionary's report to the *Missionary Review of the World*:

Why hold such vehement discussions over the accidents and non-essentials of Christianity? This is another common difficulty in Latin countries. The ideal of catholicity appeals strongly to all. Some dogmatists believe it has already been attained in their own confessions and prescriptions. The Latin-

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American has a fine appreciation of what vital Christian belief and conduct ought to be. He commends it—in others. But the confusion of the average man is best indicated by three descriptive names of three sects: "Big wash," "Little wash," "No wash at all." Nobody has yet explained away sectarianism. While thousands perish on every hand for lack of knowledge, how can the followers of Christ waste their precious opportunity by quibbling over minor matters of interpretation?

Recently a representative South American bluntly advised all North Americans to remain at home until the warring sections of evangelicals were reconciled.

YOUR MAGAZINE?

Mr. Villard in the *Atlantic Monthly* destroys our confidence in the veracity of the "true story" writers in the sensational magazines:

Hence most of the sad wives and disillusioned flappers whose touching narratives appear every month are in reality mature gentlemen residing in Harlem or Greenwich Village. Often they get their clues and some of their stories from the letters that pour in upon them. To receive several thousand letters from fascinated readers of a single article is no novelty. They come from all over the country, and many are from kind-hearted and benevolent persons who offer the reformed sister or abandoned wife a home and the indefinite use of their best parlor-bedroom. If she will just telegraph they will meet her at the train, ask no questions, and receive her as a daughter.

The same authority repeats an old formula for appraising the low-brow periodicals:

They are published on cheap paper at a very low cost, and carry a few pages of advertising of the familiar type that appears in cheap magazines, from which you can find out how to get a perfect-looking nose, cure your tobacco habit, clear your skin, reduce your weight, and beautify your thick lips. You may also cure deafness, or get a permanent wave or buy cut-glass diamonds for ten cents apiece.

OXENHAM AT LOURDES

Sceptics should read all of John Oxenham's little book, *The Wonder of Lourdes*, from which we take the following:

"I, the writer of this, am a Protestant, a Free Churchman, and although I have many very dear Roman Catholic friends, and know, to my own exceeding self-reproach, that most of them practise their religion much more faithfully than most of us do our own, I have no leanings whatever to the Church of Rome. In this matter of Lourdes I have been a doubter—simply because I really knew nothing about it. But having seen it all with my own eyes, and sensed it all with my own heart, I am brought up against the tremendous and overwhelming fact and import of it. The cures... rest upon the testimony of the greatest surgeons and physicians—testimony in many cases given unwillingly and only perforce.... Examine them to the fullest and satisfy yourselves. Then acknowledge that God's ways are greater than man's."

* * * * *

"When the race was younger, they (apparitions) were, if we believe the Scriptures, neither unknown

nor regarded doubtfully... that they are rare amongst us in these days is, perhaps, our own fault. That they are impossible cannot, I think, be maintained.... After seeing what I have seen with my own eyes, and hearing what I have heard... I can only adapt Bernadette's own simple words and say, 'I am not learned, and I cannot discuss it. I have told you what takes place at Lourdes, and you must yourselves decide what to think of it.'... For myself, I believe Lourdes to be a genuine revelation of the goodness of God to a world which, every day, stands more and more in need of it."

NOTRE DAME, PRIEZ POUR NOUS

May there be a happy response from our Lady to the prayer of Helen Schlesinger, poet of "alien faith," who thus compresses the history of New Orleans into stanzas contributed to the *Dallas Buccaneer*:

(Note: A stained glass window in the St. Louis Cathedral in New Orleans bears the inscription. "Notre Dame, priez pour nous.")

Before this window there have prayed
Priest and pirate, wife and maid;
French and Spaniard, black slave, too;
"Notre-Dame, priez pour nous."

Bloody O'Reilly maybe came
To shrive a little of his shame.
The nuns from down the river, too;
"Notre-Dame, priez pour nous."

The lady whom—as old books tell—
Gallant McDonough loved so well;
Perhaps she told her beads here, too
"Notre-Dame, priez pour nous."

And, sure, kind Mother Margaret,
Whose love shields little children yet,
She must have knelt here sometimes, too.
"Notre-Dame, priez pour nous."

Old faiths are dying, one by one;
Still gleams the legends in the sun.
Of alien faith, let me say, too,
"Notre-Dame, priez pour nous."

BULLS OR FOXES

Many Englishmen abhor Spain for her toleration of bull-fights. Perhaps Father Calnan, a Sussex pastor, does not mean to be ironical when he writes to the editor of the *Tablet*:

Sir,—The *Daily Mail* reported, with eloquent absence of comment, a horrible example of most sickening cruelty to animals. And it is beyond anything I ever saw in pre-war Italy.

It seems that a number of men with dogs, espied an unfortunate cat, and promptly gave chase. The cat contrived to elude them, and took refuge in the rafters of a wash-house. It was dislodged, however, and placed in a box. A motorist then carried it back several miles to the men with the dogs. There it was released from the box, and the dogs tore it to pieces—I beg your pardon, Sir, I'm very sorry. I find that I've got this story all wrong. It was not a cat at all, it was a fox; and the dogs, according to the *Daily Mail*, were the Fitzwilliam hounds. So this is fox-hunting—not cruelty to animals. I do apologize!

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



THE CROSS AND THE SADNESS OF LIFE

MANY of our readers have seen in these pages the remarkable picture called "The Supreme Tragedy." It is a painting of Christ Crucified hanging by a roadside. The road stretches away for miles and miles. As far as the eye can see, it is filled with a hurrying, jostling throng of men and women; men and women in all sorts of confusion and disorder, their faces distorted by all kinds of passion, surging past the crucifix like an angry, evil tide, without one glance at or one thought of the Crucified Figure above them. The head of Christ is sunk upon His breast, as though His heart is broken.

The picture is named "The Supreme Tragedy." And the tragedy lies not only in the hurrying mob, not alone in the figure of the Crucified, but in both together. It lies in the rushing throng surging along to ruin despite the fact that the Son of God died to save them from that very ruin. It lies in the Savior of men forgotten by the very men for whom He suffered and was crucified.

Now, there are many men and women in the world today who can take their places in that driving throng; men and women being hurried on through life by their passions without one thought of Christ Crucified, never realizing that this thought is the one big thing in life for them. If they think of Him at all, they are apt to put the thought aside as something horrible, something that is going to take the joy out of their lives and bring only sadness into it.

Ah, the pity of it all, when we know that the Son of God came into this world just to bring

happiness into our lives, when we understand that for nineteen centuries this thought of Christ Crucified has been the source of all true Christian joy and that if we get away from it, we must go back to the darkness and gloom of paganism.

Everyone will agree that there are two great causes of sadness in the world, namely, sin and suffering. We might say, indeed, that there is only one cause of sadness,—sin, because without sin, there would be no suffering. But since sin has come into the world, even the sinless must suffer; and

hence to be more exact and to be clearer, we shall premise that there are two great causes of sadness in the world,—sin and suffering. And we shall try to show that it is the thought of Christ Crucified that above all other things can save us from the sorrow that might be brought into our lives by these two sources of gloom.

First of all, then, there is no need to spend much time in pointing out the sadness brought into human lives by sin. Those who are sinning may seem, for a while, to be enjoying themselves; but after the

flames of passion have burned down to the cold, white ashes of remorse and even despair, when they look back and see what might have been, when they realize the sorrow they have brought upon themselves and the ones they love most, they will admit, as sinners have always been forced to admit, that sin is an evil and a bitter thing.

How, then, is the thought of Christ Crucified to save us from the sorrow that might be brought upon us by sin? Simply by keeping us from sin itself. For this thought above everything else is the great stay to sinning. You may talk as you please to the young about their folly in sinning, you may tell men and women how they lower them-

TO many men and women, even among our Catholics, the idea seems to be prevalent that the thought of the Passion and Death of our Divine Lord is a saddening thought only. This idea is false.

In our last two articles here we saw how this thought of Christ Crucified is the favorite thought of God. And how He wants it to be our favorite thought. In these series we shall try to show that in wishing this thought of His Crucified Son to be our favorite thought God wants to save us from the sadness and gloom that might be brought into our lives.

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selves by greed, selfishness, dishonesty and uncharitableness; and often you will talk in vain. But show to the young the scourge-torn body of Christ, show to sinning men and women Christ on His Cross; make them understand that their sins caused those sufferings, that every sin of theirs had a distinct place in the passion of our Lord, so that when they sin mortally, as St. Paul says, they crucify again to themselves the Son of God;—and you have the most powerful of all arguments to keep them from sin, the one thought that often will stop them from sinning when every other thought has failed.

A story is told of Father De Smet, the renowned Jesuit, who years ago worked among the Indians in the West. On one occasion he had succeeded in converting an entire tribe. Two years later, he returned to hear their confessions. One old Indian steadfastly refused to make his confession; and when Father De Smet pressed him for a reason he said that he had no sins to confess. "No sins?" said the priest, surprised. "Why, it is now two years since I have been among you. Surely you must have something to confess." "Father," said the Indian in reply, "did you not tell me that my God died on the Cross for my sins?" "Yes." "And did you not also tell me that when I sin I make Him suffer again?" "Yes." "Then how can I sin?" queried the new Christian, "I would die rather than sin again."

That venerable Indian was a saint. He had the true idea of sin. And it was the thought of Christ Crucified that gave him this idea and kept him from sin. Why is it that we sin so easily? Because, unlike the poor Indian, we shut the thought of Christ on His Cross out of our minds. Like the crowd described in our picture we hurry along to sin, without one thought of or one glance at the Figure of the Crucified, and then with sin comes the sorrow that inevitably follows it.

So much for the sadness caused by sin. Now let us see the sorrow that is brought into our lives by suffering and how the thought of the Crucified can do so much to brighten this gloom.

To the old pagan world suffering was a hopelessly sad riddle. They could not understand it. They could not discern one gleam of brightness in all the gloom of pain. The hopeless sufferer in pagan times was often put to death or himself committed suicide to escape the wearying, hopeless darkness of his lot.

There is much of this spirit in the modern pagan world of today. To many men and women about us suffering is a sad, sad puzzle, devoid of all hope. As was mentioned in a former article here, I had occasion some time ago to read a novel widely

recommended as a true picture of American life today, and after reading it, I felt that if any of the lives of our American people are like the lives portrayed in that book, then may God pity them. For all through that novel there was not one single thought of supernatural faith or hope or love to brighten its pages. Everything was on a low, natural plain. Life was a wearying round of sordid work and pleasure and suffering. And I thought that if great suffering should come into lives like that, we should little wonder at suicides or suicide-pacts, any more than we should be surprised by such happenings among the pagans of old. Naturally speaking, what would be the motive for carrying on such an existence?

Since I have read the book, I have thanked God more than ever for the Faith, the Faith that keeps before me the thought of Christ Crucified, the thought that brightens my life with a love far greater than anything the world knows, the thought that makes of my life not a wearying round of work and pleasure and suffering, but a great romance between my soul and the God Who died for me, the thought that brightens my pleasures with the knowledge that these are but a taste of what He can give me in heaven, that brightens my labors with the understanding that I can do a little something for Him Who did so much for me, that brightens even my sufferings with the realization that I can now suffer something for love of Him Who suffered and died for love of me.

The thought of Christ Crucified! Yes, here is the one great thought that can brighten the gloom of the greatest sufferings of life. This is the thought that made the saints find not only peace but even joy in their sufferings. "I glory" said St. Paul "in my infirmities." And St. Andrew, on being led to the cross prepared for his crucifixion, cried out his great desire to be stretched out on the wood as His Divine Master had been crucified for Him, that from the arms of the Cross He might be given into the arms of His Savior. St. Ignatius, on the way to martyrdom, begged his friends not to interfere in trying to save him from the wild beasts of the arena. "For," said he, "I must be torn by the teeth of lions to become the pure wheat of Christ." What a beautiful thought that was. The saint could see nothing sad or gloomy in being torn to pieces by wild beasts. All that he could keep before him was the glorious thought of becoming the pure wheat of Christ. And it is that same thought of Christ on His Cross that today makes the Carmelite nun keep in the wall of her cell a cross without the figure of the Crucified, to show that by her prayers and penances she is to take the place of her Divine Master upon the Cross.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



To a Boy Chorister

By M. C. KELLEY

The old church quivers at the sound of thy sweet
voice,
And vaulted arches drip with melody.
A child they say—ah, it must be
An angel sings in ecstasy,
And cherubs hover close to me.

"O Salutaris Hostia!
Oh saving Victim, open wide
the gates of Heaven
to mortals here below!"

Like liquid gold the wondrous cadence swells,
in poise
It lingers lightly and pervades the gloom.
Then as a lark it wings on high,
Beyond the stars, beyond the sky,
Where choirs eternally their lauds resume.

On Being Thorough

By FRANK H. SWEET

WHAT were the traits in his life that were responsible for George Washington's greatness? If that question were put to a number of boys, various answers would no doubt be given. Some boy would say that Washington was great because he always told the truth. Another boy would say that Washington was great because he was brave. Another boy would say that he was great because he was a leader of men. And so different reasons would be given, all of which would be true. But would some boy say that Washington was a great man because he was thorough in all he undertook? Yet that is one of the traits in his life that made him the greatest American of his time, and that makes his memory honored and revered today in all the world.

Many incidents might be related emphasizing Washington's thoroughness. In whatever he undertook he did his best. His motto seemed to be, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,"

for he put that into practice continually. It is said of Washington that in his time he was the most dependable surveyor in the colony of Virginia. Though he was not a brilliant student, he studied carefully and mastered the subjects that helped him in his work as a surveyor.

Lord Fairfax engaged young Washington to survey the lands that had been granted him by the king of England. Such work was what Washington liked, for it took him into the wilderness where few people except Indians had gone. So thoroughly did he do this work that his surveys have stood the test of generations.

This trait that helped Washington to become a great man would be useful to every boy. Thoroughness is a big asset in anyone's favor. And the quality is one every boy who will, can cultivate.

There is sometimes a tendency among boys not to do their tasks as well as they might. They think all that is necessary is to do their work just well enough to get along. If they are in school they study just enough to pass. If they are employed, they work just enough to hold their jobs.

Do boys ever think that they can win success if they are satisfied with doing less than their best? There is no chance of such a thing. A low grade of work cannot win high positions for the workers. If a boy is satisfied with poor work he will have to be satisfied with a poor position. That holds good in whatever a boy undertakes.

For a boy to win out in life, and to get up to the top, the place where every red-blooded boy wants to be, takes the best that is in him. He will have to do thorough work all the time, and under all circumstances. There really is no excuse for anything else. Although a boy may not have extraordinary ability, if he is thorough in his work, his ability will be enough to take him up to the top.

Sometimes the tasks we have are not the most agreeable. Sometimes we do not feel like working. But if we will put ourselves to it, if we will do

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the best possible work of which we are capable, the result will be that we shall accomplish something worth while in life, and form habits of work that will compel success.

* * * * *

All this is true in a special manner regarding our spiritual life. And we should not be surprised to find our Lord calling attention to it. We must start well, He urges us, not "building our house upon sand." And we must have the grit that keeps us hanging on until our task is done. Only "he who perseveres unto the end shall be saved." There is no road out of Half-Way Town into the City of God. *The Youths' Companion* presents a picture of

Half-Way Town

An easy road runs smoothly down
To Half-Way Town;
For everything that's but begun,
And everything that's never done,
Just rolls aside and, one by one,
Goes into Half-Way Town.

Half-finished walls are tumbling down
In Half-Way Town;
Half-finished streets are always lined
With half-done work of every kind;
And all the world just lags behind,
In dreary Half-Way Town.

Keep straight along and don't look down
Toward Half-Way Town.
They say, if every one should try
To keep on moving brisk and spry,
We should discover, by and by,
There'd be no Half-Way Town.

Anniversaries

SHOPKEEPERS like us to celebrate anniversaries because they provide the favors and souvenirs presented on these occasions. Any custom that keeps gathering old friends together year by year should be encouraged. Not all the names of anniversaries have been uniformly agreed upon but those marked with an asterisk in the following list are generally accepted. The others are from majority usage. Here's wishing that you may live to celebrate the platinum anniversary of your wedding and the diamond anniversary of your graduation—at least—and without ever losing sanctifying grace in the meantime!

First Anniversary	Paper
Second Anniversary	Cotton
Third Anniversary	Woolen
Fourth Anniversary	Linen
Fifth Anniversary	Wood*
Sixth Anniversary	Silk
Seventh Anniversary	Leather

Eighth Anniversary	Copper
Ninth Anniversary	Bronze
Tenth Anniversary	Tin*
Twelfth Anniversary	Pottery
Fifteenth Anniversary	Crystal*
Twentieth Anniversary	China*
Twenty-fifth Anniversary	Silver*
Thirtieth Anniversary	Pearl*
Thirty-fifth Anniversary	Coral
Fortieth Anniversary	Ruby*
Forty-fifth Anniversary	Sapphire
Fiftieth Anniversary	Gold*
Fifty-fifth Anniversary	Emerald
Sixtieth Anniversary	Platinum
Seventy-fifth Anniversary	Diamond*

Profitable Penalties

MY DEAR JUNIORS:

I LEARN that over in England, in the colliery village of Durham, the miners have a large and handsome clubhouse. It was completely paid for out of the voluntary fines collected from the miners for their swearing and profanity.

It is dreadful to reflect and impossible to calculate how much profanity is represented by this fine clubhouse. But, on the other hand, we may take a cheerful view of it inasmuch as it represents also a corresponding amount of repentance for all their swearing and profanity.

The idea is not new. For there are members of families and people in shops and offices who have adopted the same practice and penalize themselves in the same way for their broken resolutions especially in regard to sins of the tongue.

And I am reminded of many a missionary who would be happy to turn the fruits of such repentance, not into a handsome clubhouse, but into humble sheltering walls for his orphans, his pupils or his devout congregations.

Another thing is this: On the second page of this issue you will read of the personal gift of our Holy Father to our Passionist Missions in China. You will also read of his own interest in the Missions and the suggestion he makes to all Catholics, bishops, priests and people, to support the Missions. In the Pope's letter he especially urges *children* to pray for the Missions, for even though the missionaries do everything within their power "all their efforts shall go for naught unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him. Now, it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity to pray, and so this helps, the very nourishment of the Missions, is within the power of all to supply."

Suppose you write a	{	DADDY SEN FU
few lines about the		THE SIGN,
Missions to:		Union City, N. J.



Pages from the Dairy - - - Driven Out By Bandits - - - Bright Spots Amid the Gloom - - - Gemma's League

Pages from the Diary SISTERS OF CHARITY

FEBRUARY 8th. The Industrial School is progressing. The first products of the sewing department we have shipped to Convent—kimonas, tea-sets, fire-screens. Three panels have been sent to the Fathers at West Hoboken, and also a scarf. We have received an order for three sets of vestments, but, since we have no silk just now, we fear it will be some time before we can send them. All depends on how soon things come from Hankow.

February 21st. Our six-day retreat closed this morning at seven-thirty. Monsignor himself conducted it, giving us two conferences and a meditation each day, and Benediction every evening in our heavenly little chapel. If retreat at home was always like a foretaste of heaven, it was none the less so here. Many times during the week we realized that here in the heart of a

pagan country, Our Blessed Lord is giving us numerous blessings, spiritual and temporal, which we never dreamed would be ours—at least for years to come.

We are truly learning to love these poor Chinese people, and are longing for the day when a better acquaintance with their language will enable us to be of greater assistance to them than we are at present. Even now we are favored with seeing some of the results of our work. The poor woman, for example, whom two of us saved from opium poisoning last September, comes often to call upon us and to express her gratitude to us.

Conditions continue to be much about the same. Poverty is wide-spread and disease is everywhere prevalent. Today is very cold, but the temperature did not prevent some native from leaving a little baby—a wonderful little thing—at the church gate for us. The old Chinese woman who is in charge of the abandoned children, was somewhat displeased when she saw the new-



SOME OF THE BABES CARED FOR BY FR. THEOPHANE, WHO WRITES: "WHEN THESE BABES KNOW THE DINNER 'LINE' IS TO BE HELD—THEY CAN HOLD IT."

MAKE CHRIST'S LOVE BETTER KNOWN. EXTEND HIS KINGDOM TO CHINA

MILLIONS IN CHINA HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THE SACRED HEART



SOME OF THE ORPHANS UNDER CARE OF SISTERS OF CHARITY AT SHENCHOWFU ORPHANAGE. LUCKY BABES, THESE! WHEN OTHERS ARE DYING OF HUNGER THESE CHILDREN ARE BEING WELL MOTHERED BY OUR GOOD NUNS. IF THEY WOULD ONLY STAY CHILDREN! LITTLE SIMON, SHOWN ON LEFT WITH CHOPSTICKS, AND HIS BROTHER LOST THEIR MOTHER EASTER NIGHT WHEN SHE WAS CALLED FROM SLEEP TO THE DOOR AND WAS MURDERED.

corner, for it would mean additional work for her. "You," she said to Sister Mary Loretta who had brought the child in, "you are smiling; you are pleased." Sister's smile changed into a hearty and prolonged laugh until the old woman herself had to laugh too, and so forgot her ill humor and all the trouble that the baby would be.

February 22d. Today there was a slight snow-storm—just enough snow to cover the roofs of the houses. Sister Finan was so absorbed with

her patients in the dispensary, that she forgot it was Washington's birthday until the noon hour. But Sister Patricia Rose had patriotically made pie, and so we had a feast of it with coffee at recreation.

February 24th. Occasionally we have time for walking, and our walks have several purposes. The good they may do is one. Another is our desire that the natives may become interested in our work. Very many of them indeed stare at us in blank amazement, wondering no doubt what on earth we are. Each walk, too, teaches us a little bit more about life in China. Yesterday, on a street leading to the river, Sister Maria Electa and Sister Devota came across two old women, probably in their seventies, ragged and starving, their rice bowl empty. The Sisters gave them some coppers, and, on returning, saw the two poor creatures eating something from the bowl. Today one of them died. The other is a frequent visitor to the dispensary.

A mile walk along the river bank this afternoon showed us the distant hills, and nearer, the sampans sailing by, and nearer still, girls and women knee-deep in the water washing clothes and vegetables. A woman who was picking up sticks from the ground to burn or to sell, came over to us crying pathetically, told us that she had nothing to eat and that she was alone in the world. Having given her a little money, we turned back but were soon stopped by the shouts of some women in a boat. We went down to the river bank, and when we were near enough to see, we found that they were pointing to something in the water. What they pointed to—not far from the



A CLOSE-UP OF A SMALL CROWD OF FAMINE-STRICKEN AT THE YUNGSUI MISSION. FATHER THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C. P. IN SENDING US THIS PHOTO, TELLS US THAT THE CROWD IS DAILY INCREASING. READ ARTICLE BY FATHER WILLIAM, C. P.

IF YOU LOVE GOD THEN OFFER GOOD WORKS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

bank of the river, and partly stuck in the mud—was the corpse of a little baby. It had, they said, been there for two days. On our inquiring why they had not buried it, they replied that if we would give them money—two hundred cash, about five or six cents—they would get a beggar to do it. And so it was settled.

The famine is increasing steadily. It is expected to reach its height in May or June. Every morning there are crowds waiting at the dispensary asking us to take their children. If our buildings were only up! The poor people look very frightened going about in terror of starvation.

A step forward in our work was our taking over this morning of the catechumenate. Sister Mary Loretta is in charge. Her responsibility will be very great, for she has general supervision over about fifty women and besides must study doctrine with them. She is assisted by a native teacher. We beg special prayers for God's blessing upon this important part of our missionary labors.

February 26th. The pagans can understand us sometimes—unless we talk about religion. When religion is mentioned, they say: "Tung puh tao;" "I do not understand." This was the answer we received to all the questions we asked a young girl whom we met on our walk yesterday. She was placing before the idol in a wayside shrine some paper money, some joss sticks, a bowl of pork, and two tiny cups of Chinese wine.

Last night at nine we heard someone moaning on the back street. Two of us with Marie went down to investigate, and found a poor man and a little boy lying under some straw, the man



A REAR VIEW OF FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE'S MISSION AT PAOTSING

very, very sick. We gave them some hot food which they ate ravenously. They were in the same place this morning when we went to Mass, but later disappeared.

February 27th. The Feast of St. Gabriel. We had solemn High Mass, with Father Dunstan as celebrant, Fathers Rupert and William as deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Father Paul master of ceremonies and preacher of the day. Father Paul's account (in Chinese) of St. Gabriel was inspiring, and the fact that we could understand it was not a little encouraging. We did honor to St. Gabriel in our own little chapel by placing before his statue two bouquets of yellow paper roses, and one of white daisies, (also paper) and four red sperm candles. We thought the effect very pretty; so our Sister sacristans at



ANOTHER GROUP TAKEN OUTSIDE THE DOORS OF THE YUNGSUI MISSION. FATHER THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C. P. COMMENTS: "THE CROWDS OUTSIDE HAVE INCREASED FROM A DAILY NUMBER OF 150 TO ALMOST A THOUSAND."

THIS IS TRUE CHARITY TO SHARE YOUR GIFTS WITH CHRIST'S POOR

CAST YOUR BREAD TO THE HUNGRY. IT WILL RETURN A HUNDREDFOLD.



FATHER THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C. P. MET THIS STARVED FAMILY JUST AS HE WAS SETTING OUT FOR A 20 MILE WALK (1). HE TELLS US THE LITTLE CHILDREN WERE MERE SKELETONS BENEATH THEIR RAGS. THE CHILD IN HIS ARMS HAS SINCE DIED.

home may imagine how Chinese our tastes have become.

February 28th. Last night marked the end of the Chinese New Year celebration, and the noise that filled the streets made us think that every tin can in town was being battered to pieces. The soldiers are doing great drilling these days. When they march along the street, they really look as if they could protect the city when there is need. And there is likely to be need on almost any day in China. The industrial school will re-open tomorrow, and so as usual we are deluged with women and girls who want work.

Driven Out By Bandits

FATHER JEREMIAS McNAMARA, C. P.

MY first months of real missionary life were certainly full of stirring incidents. Having been appointed to take charge of the mission at Lui Ling Cha, troubles and difficulties were taken for granted as the place is so near the bandit territory. In fact, I have been called "the Bandit-Christian Priest." It is situated on the Yuan River, and is the first town that one sees in our prefecture on the way from Hankow. It is near the place where Father Dominic and the Sisters of Charity were robbed by bandits over

a year ago. These rascals are being killed here every day, but it does not seem to diminish their numbers nor to lessen their crimes.

Before my visit to Shenchowfu for the annual retreat, I had quite an interesting sick call up in the hills in back of the town where the bandits usually spend most of their time. An elderly woman had been praying for three years or more that a priest would come and give her the last Sacraments before her death. I found out she was not in danger of death, but able to move about like a person in good health. She was about sixty eight years old. On account of the condition of the mission, and the fact that the woman had heart trouble, I decided to do everything I could for her. After some time I started to return home and was about a quarter of a mile away, when she cried out after me to come back. I sent my boy across the rice fields to find out what she wanted. Her request was to learn when Lent began, so that she might observe the fast. This indeed was consoling and encouraging, because some converts seem to be only half converted. This woman however was in truth a holy soul, a lover of prayer, and one of the many devout Christians who encourage me in this mission of Lui Ling Cha.

After the annual retreat, I hastened back to my

BEGIN VACATION WITH A DONATION TO RELIEVE THE FAMINE SITUATION

mission. I wanted to be with my Christians for Sunday March 7th and also to be there to welcome Father Timothy on his way from Hankow. In good time to be there by Saturday evening, the twenty or more sampans left Shenchowfu. The bandits however held the river path and it was impossible to proceed very far. They ordered the boats to come ashore. Unknown to the boatmen, I was traveling in the company of soldiers from Paotsing. They had been commissioned to go to Changteh to buy rice. The soldiers of course were allowed to continue their journey, and thus I escaped the annoyance of the bandits. According to the soldiers there is not more than forty thousand bowls of rice in Paotsing for the coming year, scarcely enough for a hundred people for three months, and the population there is numbered by the hundred thousand. May God help them and give them food until the next crops are ready!

Through the influence of the soldiers no robbery was committed and all the sampans were allowed to proceed down the river. It was three o'clock on Saturday afternoon when the bandits stopped our boats. They were three hundred strong and heavily laden with booty the result of many crimes. I arrived at my mission on Sunday morning about half past nine. Of all our Chinese missions, Lui Ling Cha is the nearest one

to America, the farthest east and the furthest north. It is just sixty miles below Shenchowfu on the Yuan. It was established by the Augustinian Fathers about fifteen years ago. The present chapel, a structure of brick and mud, was erected in 1912. It's situation on a prominence overlooking the river is truly picturesque. High hills and mountains surround the town, and tigers roam wild in the forests; in fact, the surrounding country is plentiful in game of all kinds. The river is full of fish. Visitors and travelers proclaim the place one of the most beautiful in the world.

Since the time Father Dominic and the Sisters of Charity were stopped by the bandits, a company of soldiers has been stationed here to protect the place. When a reinforcement was sent, it was judged safe to assign a priest to the mission and the appointment was fortunately given to me. The troops are supposed to remain here indefinitely. For four years the place was without a priest, and within the past three months I have succeeded in bringing back all the Christians of the mission. Scarcely a day passed without interesting incidents of missionary activity, but I will relate only those which stand out in my memory.

When I arrived here, it was on the 19th of December, my first idea was to celebrate Christmas in a becoming manner. I wanted to have a



A GROUP OF BOYS AT THE LUI LING CHA MISSION. AS FATHER JEREMIAS McNAMARA, C. P. REMARKS: "IF I HAD A SCHOOL HERE THESE WOULD ALL BE MY PUPILS." READ HIS ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE.

MAKE SOME SACRIFICE AND GIVE IN HIS SACRED NAME YOUR ALMS



THIS BOY IS MINUS ONE EYE AND MANY MEALS. "YET," AS FR. THEOPHANE REMARKS, "HE IS A CHEERFUL BEGGAR. HE IS ONE OF THE 2000 NOW ON THE PUBLIC HERE IN YUNGSUI."

Crib. As the Chinese say, "hsiang fatzi" I had to make one of some kind. My eyes rested on a small table that seemed to answer the purpose. With bamboo sticks I soon made an arch and a roof and with some white towels and other material from my trunk, the Crib was ready. The next move was to go to the mountains for evergreens, and the Christians vied with one another in making all kinds of paper flowers. My Crib looked fine, but then—what should I do for the "Bambino" the little infant. There was no way of buying one in this town. "Hsiang fatzi," I had to make one of some kind. In a copy of Bible

History I have, there is a picture of the Infant Savior. So I opened the book and wrapped the picture around with a nice pure white linen napkin and placed it in the Crib. Then I knelt down and said some prayers. Lo, what should I notice on the napkin but the name of Edmund, (Fr. Edmund Campbell, C. P. who died in China last year) his name was sewed in printed characters on the corner of it. I felt a thrill of joy and hope that he would intercede for me in heaven and help me with this new mission of Lui Ling Cha.

My Christmas story is not yet ended. It was my idea to show the several feasts following Christmas by merely turning the pages of the book. It was my intention to keep the Crib until after Epiphany. What was my surprise on December 28th to find my Crib all demolished. I asked my altar boy what had happened to it. He naively answered me: "Ah, Christmas is over. We had enough of your old Crib." He was certainly candid about it.

The soldiers here number three hundred. They received orders to go to Yochow, near Hankow, as they might be needed to take part in a battle for the election of a new governor of Hunan. This news spread great consternation in the town, for as soon as the government troops left the place, the bandits would swoop down and take possession of it. Being the only foreigner in Lui Ling Cha, I was secretly informed that the bandits had planned to capture me and then to demand a heavy ransom. If they did not get it, the consequences might be a long life on bandit fare or angel company in realms above. As there are three different hordes of bandits between my mission and Shenchowfu, the most prudent course was to go with the soldiers. They sent me notice that they were leaving early in the morning of March 20th.

On the day of departure, I arose at half past two and prepared for Holy Mass. When the Christians came, I heard a number of confessions. Among them was the son of my Catechist, Thomas Wang. The child is eight years old and very bright. As God alone knows when the boy will ever see a priest again, I heard his first confession and allowed him to receive his First Holy Communion at the Mass. As soon as possible, I joined the troops on the sampans. Besides the soldiers, there was a great display of odds and ends from the merchants and populace anxious to save as much as they could. The bandits would be there in a few hours and their spies were already on the streets. The hurry, the excitement, was worth seeing. After an hour, all the sampans started down stream with the rapid running river.

THE LORD'S JOY WILL BE YOURS IF YOU GIVE TO HIS POOR

It was midday when we reached the end of my parish, which is marked by a big boulder in the centre of the river. This great rock rising up suddenly in the river denotes the beginning of the Passionist prefecture to travelers ascending the river from Hankow.

The sun came out gloriously about one o'clock, but merely for a short time. The soft gentle rain kept up most of the day. Our sampans however kept going and at four o'clock in the afternoon we could see Tao Yuan, where we were going to remain like refugees. We arrived at the city about five o'clock. We had covered the distance of forty miles in a day. Going upstream, it is seldom one can make more than ten or fifteen miles in a day.

Father Thomas, O.S.A., the pastor at Tao Yuan, came down to the river to meet me and give me the hospitality of his home. We walked back to the mission conversing in Chinese and now and then in Latin. That evening he invited me to say the late Mass and preach. I consented, but it meant work. From half past nine until two o'clock the following morning, I studied hard; and with the help of Luke, my cook, I succeeded in preparing and memorizing the sermon. I arose again at six and studied until nine, the time to preach it. The sermon is always given before the Mass, and thank God, both pastor and flock were pleased. Though only a babbler in Chinese, I hope "the Passion Doctrine" had some good effect. It was on Passion Sunday. After the Mass, I spent most of the day in a much needed rest.

Unless the soldiers return soon to Lui Ling Cha, I must remain here until it is safe to go to Shenchowfu. Continue the prayers, as we need so much of God's help and protection and blessings.

Bright Spots Amid the Gloom

FATHER WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C. P.

FAMINE! Famine! Famine! We hear the terrible word shouted out morning, noon, and night, by the poor too weak to stand on their feet and lie down at the gate of the mission. We see its ghastly picture in the sunken eyes that stare through the open doorway leading to the mission. We recognize it again in the lean, hungry looking faces that peer inside the courtyard with an eagerness that food will be given them by the priests of heaven. We meet it face to face in nearly every person who enters the compound. It might be said with truth that each person is a living famine, a living specimen of death shuffling about on human legs.

We missionaries feel the famine. It is for us more than someone else suffering. To witness so

much suffering daily; to come into contact with so many victims of hunger unto death is distressing and crushing. There are nevertheless bright spots amid the gloom. I sincerely hope the telling of a few incidents will be as great a consolation to readers as they were to us who experienced them.

The mission's orphans! Bright little lads and lassies they are and we love to call them "Smiles." Many a one among them was yesterday a famine sufferer. Now they have something to eat and a home with the good Sisters. One must rejoice to see them in this new life: in clean clothes instead of the rags of famine days;



FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P. WITH OUR EIGHT SEMINARIANS AT SCHENCHOWFU. OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS XI. HAS JUST BEFRIENDED THESE BOYS BY CONTRIBUTING \$1000.00 TOWARDS THEIR EDUCATION.

WHAT YOU DO NOW FOR CHINA MAY SAVE YOU ON JUDGMENT DAY

their tiny bodies plump and their skin cleared of scabs and disease; surely, these cheery brighteyed youngsters, whose angels see God's Face, are rays of sunshine to encourage us in these dark famine days.

Our little blind boy. We picked him up off the street a few months ago. The poor lad from necessity had taken to the life of a beggar. No one wanted him. No one wanted him during the days when rice is scarce. By mere chance he groped his way into the mission compound. Like many others he asked for a bowl of rice. He got it—and more. His smile captivated the Father in charge of the distribution of the rice, and he was told to stand aside and wait. Eventually a place was prepared for him in the carpenter shop. Here he could live and have his two meals a day carried to him. You can imagine how his smile stretched not a little at this good news.

Of his own accord the lad began to attend "church" to thank God for the rice He is giving me, as he himself expressed it. One day this boy got into trouble. He stole the lock off the outer door of the Sisters' Convent. For a week or more we saw nothing of our little blind boy, and we feared he would not return. A week's fling at the old life, amid the old haunts, satisfied him. He returned very penitent, and on his knees begged pardon of the Sisters and of each of the Fathers. Hereupon he was solemnly reinstated. In a few months this lad will be ready for holy baptism, and a poor beggar boy will become a child of God in truth.

One more school incident. Not long ago I was agreeably surprised to find one of the boys kneeling upright in his bed,—his hands folded in fervent prayer. I slipped over to him to find out what it meant. Our school boys have night prayers in common in the church, and the practice is to jump into bed as soon as possible after the prayers. Here was Pascal devoutly praying before a little picture of Pope Pius X., which he

had fastened to the head of the bed. It would have disturbed him to make inquiry, nor was it necessary. He soon lay down and pulled the big comforter over him—not excluding his head. That boy little dreamed of the consolation he put into my heart. China certainly will be Catholic.

Recently one of our Christians met a pagan friend wearing a crucifix. He at once asked him where he got it, and why he, a pagan, a worshipper of idols, dared to wear it. He was then asked to give it up, and refused. A real fight ensued. The Christian, in spite of visible marks of the battle felt very proud in presenting me with the rescued crucifix. "Just think, Father, a pagan wearing a crucifix!" It was more than his faith could stand. Thus you see the forming of a militant type of Christianity in this part of Hunan is not impossible.

Famines will come and go, yet the bright spots tell us of the wonderful deepening of our holy Faith in the hearts of these poor people. We humbly acknowledge our debt of gratitude to God for this grace, and to our friends and benefactors who are making it possible for us to show these stricken poor people the sweet charity of Christ.

Gemma's League

The following prayers and good works were offered during April for the Passionist Missions in China.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	32	Visits to Our Lady	40,687
Masses heard	36,684	Rosaries	62,896
Holy Communions	23,267	Beads of the Seven	
Visits to B. Sacrament	61,317	Dolors	14,312
Spiritual Communions	201,532	Ejaculatory Prayers	8,678,932
Benediction Services	11,471	Hours of Study,	
Sacrifices, Sufferings	276,943	Reading	76,873
Stations of the Cross	17,804	Hours of Labor	73,246
Visits to the Crucifix	62,886	Acts of Kindness,	
Beads of the Five		Charity	81,482
Wounds	26,903	Acts of Zeal	103,964
Offerings of the		Prayers, Devotions	873,256
Precious Blood	251,332	Various Works	372,945

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

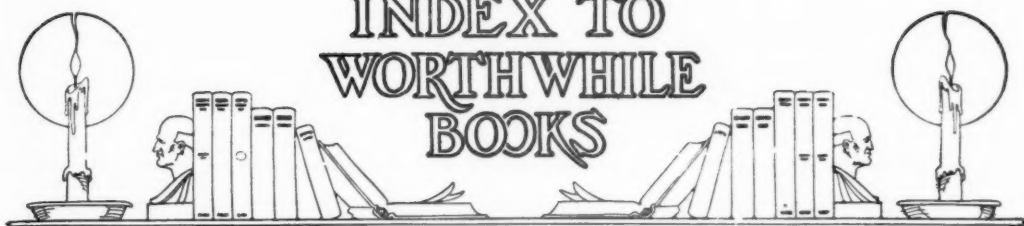
CORNELIUS MOYNIHAN
MARY MOYNIHAN
DANIEL MOYNIHAN
MARY E. HELSEY
MR. AGRATI
JOHN BYRNS
ELIZABETH BOYD
JOHN COLEMAN
JAMES CLARK
LUDWIG HOFFMANN
MARY CLARK
MRS. CATHERINE
FLAHERTY
NELLIE GANNON
MRS. JANE GRAHAM

WILLIAM DONOHUE
MARY T. QUINLIVAN
HELEN KELLY
D. J. PRINTY
MRS. MARY CHIPPEOR
MARY A. TOBIN
JOHN NAUGHTON
JOHN V. KENNEDY
JOSEPH KENNEDY
MRS. ELIZABETH
SCHAAD
MISS CATHERINE
SCHAAD
MAURICE J. McELROY
MR. COFFEY
JAMES A. O'GRADY
MRS. MARY CONNELLY
JOHN CONNELLY
JOHN CAHILL
MARTIN WHELAN
MARY WHELAN
JAMES GAINARD
ADELIA T. GAINARD
MRS. MARGARET DUFFY

JOSEPH J. GLENNON
MRS. JAMES A. MURPHY
MISS BRIDGET HARKINS
ELLEN HANLEY
ELIZABETH O'BRIEN
THOMAS SPENCER
THOMAS J. KEEGAN
FRANCES DATTELO
MARIE HENKE
AUGUSTA MILLER
ANN DOOLEY
JOSEPHINE DATTELO
ANASTASIA McDERMOTT
J. J. KLINE
MRS. MABEL KELLY
VINCENZA DATTELO
PATRICK DOOLEY
MR. NICHOLAS PFISTER
MR. ANDREW MERSKO
PATRICK J. McCAIG
MRS. MARY DICKERSON
MARY SIMMONS
WILLIAM RYAN
MARGARET A. McNULTY

MRS. MARY ECKFELDT
MRS. SOPHIA REPP
MRS. OLIVE FLAHERTY
WALTER THOMPSON
MRS. MARY MORIARITY
MRS. BRIDGET HARKINS
AGNES DOWNING
MARY WALSH
JEREMIAH WALSH
ROBERT WHITE
MRS. JOHN LA FARGE
JULIA EAGAN
FRANCES GILLETTE
RHULE
MARY E. DEVLIN
MRS. ELLA AHLERS
CHARLES O'DONNELL JR.

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

The monthly periodical, **Central Blatt and Social Justice**, has completed eighteen years of incalculable service in the fields of Catholic social reform and Catholic action. During all these years, as the organ of the Central Verein and its Committee on Social Propaganda, it has progressively served to arouse and stimulate interest in topics and affairs that are most directly concerned with the tendencies of civilization. Priests and laymen, wishing to have at hand a fresh and informative medium and a safe guide in the realm of social thought, may be assured that this periodical will wonderfully serve them. The editor, F. P. Kenkel, Director of the Central Bureau, enjoys the co-operation of such distinguished scholars as Rev. Wm. J. Engelen, S. J., Rev. C. Bruehl, Ph. D., Rev. A. Muntzsch, S. J., Rev. A. Muench, D. S. Sc., Prof. Dr. Ernst Winter of the University of Vienna, Rt. Rev. F. G. Holweck, D. D., Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J., Rt. Rev. Joseph Och, Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P. and many others. Published at St. Louis. \$2.00 annually.

OZANAM IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE, translated from the French of Monsignor Baunard, by a member of the Council of Ireland of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Price \$2.50; 426 pages.

JOHN OGILVIE, by W. E. Brown. Price \$2.74; 310 pages. Benziger Brothers.

Ozanam's life is an inspiration. It recounts the story of one of Catholicity's noblemen, and in such a manner as to draw to imitation instead of mere admiration. An abundance of literature depicting Ozanam's life already existed before Mons. Baunard took up his pen. Although these contributions included the efforts of world-renowned literati, there yet remained room for a publication which would give the public a better appreciation of the great apostle of Faith and Charity. In Ozanam's correspondence "his whole existence, his family life, his friendships, his life of action are there reconstituted in the natural sequence of the events, in their order of date, with every surrounding circumstance of time and place in their true sense and color. Likewise his whole soul is manifested there, showing its development in each phase of its existence. First, of his youth—noble aspirations, grandiose designs, torture occasioned by a choice of life,—the call, the ebb and flow of hope and despondency, the sacred intoxication of Science and Faith. Then of his mature age—his struggles on behalf of purity, his pure love, his enthusiasm for Truth and Charity, his all-conquering zeal, his delicacy of heart, the cruel deception and false wounds he had to suffer. Lastly, the decline, not of age but of a premature life, a tireless and sanctified activity, a crucifixion to his pen, to his professorial chair, which Lacordaire had indicated to him. Finally, the consummation, the sacrifice, supernatural suffering, the tranquil heroism of sublime immolation." Mons. Baunard has endeavored to maintain

a consecutive narrative in Ozanam's correspondence. Both he and the translator have done their work well. Members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul especially, and every Catholic man generally, will find this book interesting and stimulating. Unfortunately, the binding is poor.

A sample of an intolerance not Catholic and of a persecution every Protestant is to be found in **JOHN OGILVIE**. Treason was the cloak which was thrown over the judiciary proceedings, but the clever Jesuit brought the real motive into the light. The greater part of the book is a collection of authentic evidences relative to the trial and death of the Scottish martyr. Indirectly we perceive what a genuine hero this worthy priest was. Students of history, especially those who are interested in the reformation in the British Isles, will find this book a valuable source of information.

LIFE OF FR. HERMAN, by the Abbe C. Sylvain. Translated from the French by Mrs. F. Raymond Barker. Price \$2.75. Kenedy Sons.

In the Jewish boy prodigy, Herman Cohen, who could have foreseen the future Carmelite? A more sustained stretch of the imagination would have been required to picture the gambler, the social lion, the pianist and composer, the companion of Lizt, George Sand, and Delamainais as a zealous apostle of Jesus Christ. Truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction. The life of Herman Cohen is an excellent exemplification of this. What a powerful illustration of the power of divine grace! In Herman's "Confessions," the source of the earlier pages of this book, we see a youth gratifying every caprice, a mind saturated with the depravity of the evil geniuses with whom he associated. Then came the miracle of grace. Generously and heroically did he bear the trials consequent upon his embracing Catholicism. Amidst them all he ever remained firm, confiding in the divine assistance. He was refined as gold in the furnace. But the more he endured the greater was his progress in holiness, and the fitter instrument did he become for the salvation of others. It was a happy thought to reprint a biography so well calculated to bring hope to many a soul entwined in the meshes of bad habits, yet withal feeling the call the nobler and better things. But not only for such will the reading of this "Confession" stimulate to a more life—all those who peruse this biography will be urged to be docile to the inspirations of divine grace which calls all mento sanctification. The publishers probably overlooked the requirements of canon law regarding an imprimatur even for new editions—Canon 1392.

THE SERAPHIC HIGHWAY, by Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M. St. Antony's Messenger, Cincinnati, O. Price \$1.00; 253 pages.

THE DIALOGUE OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA, translated by Algar Thorold. Price \$4.25; 353 pages. Benziger Brothers.

THE † SIGN

AMERICAN HISTORY, by Sister Mary Celeste. Macmillan Co. 672 pages. No price given.

In our day it is of paramount importance that our children know and realize what Catholics have done in the upbuilding of this country. All too often the glorious deeds of our Catholic forefathers on the fields of battle and the halls of legislatures (and

other fields beside) have been minimized, forgotten, or designedly overlooked. The Catholic element in American history is here placed in view. The book is up-to-date in every respect. It is simple in diction, vivid in description, and copiously illustrated with excellent plates. Our parochial schools should use it, at least as a reference book.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

- HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI**, \$1000.00
M. L., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$1000. Friend, Louisville, Ky., \$500.
F. T. H., Baltimore, Md., \$300.
- CIRCLES.**: St. Benedict, \$50; Brookline, \$31.30; Children of Mary \$125; St. Elizabeth, \$40; Good Shepherd, \$5; Holy Cross, \$50; Holy Family, \$12; Holy Souls, \$8; St. Hyacinth, \$98; Immaculate Conception, \$7.30; La Salle, \$8; St. Michael, \$150; St. Louise, \$10; Sacred Heart, \$150.
- ARIZONA.**: Bisbee, C. L. M. \$10; Phoenix, M. Z. \$5; B. D. \$5; Prescott, E. F. H. \$3; Rowdow, J. B. W. \$5.
- ARK.** McGeehee, B. S. \$1.30; Weiner, J. R. \$1.
- CALIF.**: Anaheim, J. P. \$5; Berkeley, P. J. D. \$2; F. H. M. \$10; Culver City, A. S. \$5; C. K. \$5; Eagle Rock, B. L. \$2; N. D. \$2; Jackson, W. G. \$2.50; Los Angeles, M. M. L. \$6; T. P. B. \$1; J. W. \$3; B. C. \$5; M. K. \$2.50; J. R. \$2.50; L. T. M. \$10; S. E. M. \$5; Marysville, M. A. \$1; Oakland, M. M. S. \$5; Olive View, M. J. P. \$1; Ontario, E. J. L. \$1; Pasadena, L. M. F. \$10.20; J. N. \$3; Sacramento, J. M. D. \$1; M. J. H. \$1; M. S. \$5; San Diego, J. A. M. \$1; N. J. B. \$20; San Francisco, M. T. S. \$5; San Jose, M. C. K. \$5; B. F. \$5; H. E. W. \$5; Santa Anna, C. K. \$1; Santa Barbara, J. B. \$1; Sierra Madre, M. E. F. \$20; Vernon City, A. M. F. \$35.
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- D. C.**: Washington, G. M. \$20; J. J. S. \$2; M. K. \$2.25; C. H. B. \$10; F. R. W. P. K. \$5; O. L. A. \$20; A. N. B. \$1.
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- GA.**: Waycross, J. A. F. \$5;
- ILL.**: Aroma Park, B. T. \$1; Belleville, P. F. \$5; A. F. B. \$2; Chicago, M. G. \$2; R. M. K. \$2.60; J. F. \$1.45; M. A. J. \$2; S. O. M. \$1; P. A. F. \$1; J. E. M. \$1; C. M. C. \$2; M. A. B. \$5; V. B. \$2; E. G. B. \$2.50; O. M. F. \$3; D. G. S. \$1; J. B. \$1; C. J. K. \$2; E. G. \$5.10; A. H. \$33; C. O. C. \$1; D. W. \$5; M. F. K. \$2; F. M. C. \$1; H. W. M. \$5; Friend, \$50; H. A. S. \$3; F. B. \$1; M. E. G. \$2; W. C. \$5; W. J. C. \$5; J. L. \$2.50; J. B. \$10; A. C. \$5; C. F. T. \$1; A. D. \$4; W. W. D. \$1; M. S. \$2; G. M. K. \$1; J. D. \$5; F. D. \$5; A. D. \$2; J. A. \$5; A. L. \$10; B. W. \$2; M. G. \$1; A. K. \$10; M. L. \$20; J. M. C. \$2; G. A. S. \$5; F. F. \$1; E. L. \$20; C. S. \$2; A. G. \$4; C. J. F. \$3; N. M. G. \$15; A. E. R. \$2; F. K. \$1; C. W. D. \$5; G. A. S. \$5; D. K. \$1; M. J. K. \$5; M. C. \$3.50; Cicero, E. M. S. \$2; East Moline, C. H. \$5; East St. Louis, A. S. \$4.50; Elgin, S. O. F. \$1; Kankakee, L. B. \$2; La Salle, R. L. C. \$10; Lisle, A. A. R. \$15; Mound City, F. J. K. \$2; Mt. Carmel, A. L. G. \$5; Quincy, W. S. \$1; S. M. C. \$25; E. S. \$1; Raden, S. M. S. \$1; Rock Island, V. D. C. \$5; Stratton, S. M. L. \$1; Wilmington, C. S. \$5;
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- LA.**: Alexandria, L. C. D. \$13.85; New Orleans, B. M. \$20; E. J. M. \$1; J. W. \$6.25; S. V. B. \$5; E. A. K. \$5; Thibodaux, L. G. L. \$1.
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- MO.**: Columbia, A. B. \$25; Freeburg, J. K. \$5; Industrial City, J. S. \$5; Kansas City, C. W. K. \$17; N. K. \$3; R. H. K. \$2; Moberly, T. M. \$1; Naylor, H. H. \$1; Rich Fountain, L. N. \$1; St. Joseph, E. E. \$1; G. J. C. \$1; L. B. \$1; L. R. \$1; L. A. \$1; A. T. \$5; G. J. L. \$1; M. E. T. \$4; St. Louis, M. M.

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Railroad Bonds and other	
Stocks and Bonds	1,253,915.88
First Mortgages on Real Estate . .	2,112,307.85
Loans and Notes Purchased . . .	1,218,418.33
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	187,137.73
Accrued Interest Receivable . . .	27,579.52
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures .	83,001.00
	\$5,520,833.55

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits . .	209,481.73
Unearned Discount	6,432.70
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, Etc. .	37,490.35
Bills Payable	150,000.00
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A Duty At Your Door

The Preacher is Jesus Christ. The lesson is clear.
Here is the sermon:

There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasted sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, who lay at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be filled with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and none did give him; moreover the dogs came, and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. And the rich man also died: and he was buried in hell.

Note the contrast. Lazarus is a beggar, covered with sores and hungry. The other man, whose name our Lord doesn't think worth mentioning, is rich, is elegantly clothed and lives in luxury.

Both died. Lazarus was carried by angels into paradise! The rich man was buried in hell!

So far as we know, the rich man was good in many ways. He wasn't a liar, or an adulterer, or a murderer. No word is said about his having gotten his money dishonestly. Probably he inherited it or made it lawfully. Probably, also, he may have been a public benefactor or even a philanthropist.

But he made one great big mistake—**He neglected a duty at his door.** That duty was Lazarus.

Until quite recently China was a far-off country of which we knew little and for which we cared less. But our self-sacrificing missionary Priests and Sisters have brought China to our door.

Lazarus is back again, his presence multiplied in the persons of thousands who beg for material and spiritual food. This time we (you and I) are the rich man.

We are rich in the knowledge of the One, True God. We are rich in the possession of the Catholic Faith and the marvelous Sacraments of Christ.

We are rich also in the material means by which this Knowledge, this Faith, these Sacraments can be brought to those whose dire poverty and wretchedness are chiefly of the soul and all the worse because of that.

Lazarus is back again! THERE'S A DUTY at Your Door.

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